

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

*A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs*

VOLUME III

No. 30



MARCH

1923

## Editorial Comment & A Political Letter

The Dragon's Hoard . . . . .

The Saving of the Church . . . . . *S. H. Hooke*

County or Township? . . . . . *Peter Sandiford*

Minority Rule in Ontario . . . . . *C. B. Sissons*

Leaves from a European Note Book . . . . . *Margaret Wrong*

(III) Relative Values. (IV) Vienna from Within.

The Romance of the West . . . . . *Paul A. W. Wallace*

On the Prairies (Drawing) . . . . . *Donald Philp*

Poems . . . . . *Millicent Payne*

Palinode . . . . . *W. D. Woodhead*

The Bookshelf: The High Command, &c.

Trade and Industry . . . . . *H. Michell*

*Price 25¢ Yearly 2.00*

*Published at 152 St. George St. Toronto  
Copyright Canada 1920 by P. Sandiford*



Delightfully Fragrant

The pure, fresh flavour of

# "SALADA"

TEA

is beyond imitation

JUST TRY IT

## A BOOKLOVER'S RENDEZVOUS

ALL BOOKLOVERS are invited to send us their name and address so that it can be placed on our regular mailing list and enable us to keep them informed of all important books as issued; also if you send us the names of other booklovers it would be appreciated, not only by us but by them, as our experience shows how difficult it is for those interested in books to get desired information.

WM. TYRRELL & CO., LIMITED

780 YONGE STREET

(Near Bloor)

Booksellers

Fine Art Dealers

Stationers

We invite all lovers of Art  
to call and inspect our  
collection of

## PAINTINGS and WATER COLORS

Both Old and Modern.

Expert Restorations of all kinds.

Special attention given to every  
description of Framing.

Original etchings, mezzotints and  
aquatints.

### THE CARROLL GALLERY LIMITED

117 King Street West - - - TORONTO

Telephone, Adelaide 6080

Cable Address: Carolling Toronto. A.B.C. Code, 8th edition.

Representatives of The Carroll Gallery,  
London, England.

## HOSEASON'S TICKET OFFICE

FOR SERVICE AND EFFORT TO SATISFY

### Spring and Summer Sailings

NOW PUBLISHED

Secure your berth, East and Westbound, by  
paying necessary deposit—Full refund made,  
if wish later to cancel.

Regular travellers, book well in advance and  
ensure location desired.

NO BETTER SERVICE ANYWHERE

### C.N.R. RAIL—Sleeper and Parlor Tickets

Ottawa — Picton — Trenton  
Sudbury — Muskoka — Winnipeg  
Edmonton — Vancouver

TRY US!

Open Evenings 715 YONGE North 7008

# THE CANADIAN FORUM



VOL. III

TORONTO, MARCH, 1923

No. 30

AFTER six weeks of barren endeavour the adventure of the French buccaneers is at last yielding results. Even yet, however, the quantities of Ruhr coal which are now crossing the French frontier seem to form a very thin trickle when compared with the steady stream of the old Reparations deliveries. Nor could it be otherwise. The difficulties of obtaining anything at all in the teeth of a hostile populace cannot be too clearly realized. The most serious problem seems to have been the organization of the transport system, which France is gradually being driven to man with her own railwaymen. To move the output of the Ruhr mines 30,000 empty trucks must enter the district daily from all parts of Germany and 30,000 loaded trucks pass out. Any immediate diversion of this traffic would be rendered impossible by the difficulty of establishing a collecting organization throughout France for the necessary trucks. Such an organization has only been built up in Germany as the result of years of experience and local knowledge. The French task is made still more Herculean by the action of the German workers. What, for instance, is she to do when a signal-station operating up to 100 points on an electrified line is abandoned by its crew? In such cases the French have been compelled, after hours of fruitless searching among the levers in the box, to shift the points with crowbars. The electrical and signalling system connected with it are, of course, wrecked by this treatment. The points can only be worked by hand and in a very short time the constant levering to and fro puts them in a condition no longer safe to pass trains over them. This is but one illustration of the way in which mere non-coöperation is defeating the most carefully laid plans of the French generals.

IN another direction Mr. Poincaré's plans are perhaps meeting with a little more success. The gradual tightening up of the economic cordon between occupied and unoccupied Germany is causing German industry to feel the pinch of the coal shortage. From more than one quarter pressure is being brought to bear on Dr. Cuno's government to reopen negotiations

with France. Unfortunately both countries are now so deeply committed to opposing policies that they will find it difficult to draw back. The temper of the German people has been stiffened by the lawless behaviour of the occupying troops. It is unlikely that any government would survive, that opened negotiations on any other basis than an immediate French withdrawal to the old occupied territory, and this is a step to which France would find it very difficult to agree. It would be in direct opposition to the aims of the panic-stricken militarists who hunger for security and have gone into the Ruhr with the intention of staying there. Nor would it satisfy the French peasants who honestly believe the occupation to be an attempt to extract from a recalcitrant Germany the reparations France so badly needs. French opinion is probably more divided than some people realize. It is easy to say: 'Reparations are all a bluff; what France is really after is security'. This is probably true of Mr. Poincaré and his advisers, but we need not assume that the man in the street sees very much beyond what his newspaper tells him. He knows the reparations promised by the treaty have not appeared; he has been told that the Ruhr expedition has been undertaken to extract them by force; and he would naturally raise a howl of indignation if he saw the troops come home empty-handed.

THE big industrialists form a third section of French opinion and the only one which might have no objection to a withdrawal in return for some scheme for French participation in German industry. If the Ruhr coalfields could be made permanently available for the working up of Lorraine iron ore these men would care little for the loss of reparations or for the well-advertised dangers of a revanche. That their influence is not without weight is shown by the recent talk of a fusion between themselves and their German rivals. No doubt there are terms on which some, if not all, the German magnates would welcome such a settlement. We do not ourselves think it is likely to be effected, and that for the reasons already given. Neither the *Comité des Forges* nor the Westphalian Coal Syndicate is the



only political force in its respective country. But if it is, what will have been achieved? An essentially private solution of private difficulties. Economically European industry would gain in efficiency and stability. Marxian socialists would record with triumph a further step in the consolidation of the capitalist forces and the demarcation between the two sides in the class struggle. But to the balancing of the French budget a half-share in German industries for a few of her industrial magnates would contribute nothing.

WE have often declared our belief that the chief reason why Germany has not paid the reparations she promised is that she is physically incapable of doing so. In this opinion we are backed by economists and bankers the world over. Some people who agreed with us a few months ago seem to think that this view of the situation has been invalidated by France's action. The truth, of course, is the exact opposite. If Germany was unable to foot her bill in December, how much more impossible has her task been made by the dislocation to which her industries have since been subjected? Public opinion in this and other countries is still fast asleep, dreaming of the day when all international debts will have been paid. The Anglo-American settlement has been hailed as the first of a long string of similar agreements. It is more likely to stand as the single case in which the debts contracted during the war have been duly met. Germany can never pay France sufficient sums to balance her internal budget which now shows a yearly deficit of about four times the whole of Canada's revenue. It has so far been covered by internal loans without any resort to currency inflation, at the cost, of course, of a continuous increase in the annual interest charge. But this deficit is not the whole of the story. Nothing whatever has yet been done in the matter of the external debt of which no mention is ever made in the French budget. How can we expect that anything ever will be done when the internal finances of the country are in such a parlous condition? The story is the same all over Europe. Italy, for instance, makes no pretence of any intention to pay up. The sooner it is definitely understood that the vast sums owed one another by governments as the result of the war might as well be written off, the more healthy will be the effect on public opinion.

AFTER these gloomy musings it is pleasant to be able to record in Austria at least a partial success for the spirit of wisdom. A year ago all eyes were turned to Vienna as the danger spot where the feeble pulse of Europe's economic life beats most feebly. Only last September the Austrian Chancellor,

Dr. Seipel, was making the round of the neighbouring capitals in a sorry attempt to deliver his country to the highest bidder. Shortly afterwards the League of Nations Finance Council came to the rescue. A substantial loan was promised in return for a sweeping programme of domestic financial reform. This programme Austria has loyally carried out. Within her own borders she has raised 90 million gold Kronen (or \$18,000,000) including the capital for the establishment of a Bank of Issue. She has made drastic cuts in the number of government officials. Above all, the printing presses have been idle all the winter and not a single note has been added to the currency. The Krone has been stabilized at about 75,000 to the dollar. All this has been accomplished without a cent of foreign money, but there is a limit beyond which she will be unable to continue in the paths of virtue without the promised loan. Luckily the countries principally concerned seem to realize this, and the first instalment was safely negotiated in London during the past month. The balance will be due in May and it is to be hoped that Inter-Allied quarrels will not prejudice the arrangements which have already been made to provide it. Though the re-establishment of Austria will still depend on the general re-establishment of central Europe it is a step forward that her special difficulties are on the way to being overcome.

THE full report of the Commission on the Honours Scandal reached this country too late for comment in our last issue. It is a matter for deep regret that the Commission failed to examine the touts who have offered to sell honours. As long as distinctions continue to be conferred as a reward for political services, and as long as party funds are necessary, it will be impossible to prevent those who can afford to do so from subscribing large sums to such funds in the hope of attracting attention from political leaders. Yet there is a world of difference between such vague self-advertisement and a definite bargain concluded for a knighthood or a peerage in return for so much cash down. Bargains of this nature are freely alleged to have been made, and as long as the allegations remain uninvestigated a blot will be left on many recently acquired titles. Readers of THE CANADIAN FORUM will be particularly interested in the recommendations with regard to honours conferred on overseas subjects. It is proposed to submit to the judgment of their countrymen the names of any future candidates for honours who have previously lived in the dominions. With this suggestion we are in hearty agreement. The dominions have too frequently been represented in the British Honours List by men who have gone to seek their fortune in the old country leaving an unpleasant odour on their native heath.



THE debate in the House of Commons on Reparations, precipitated by the Woodsworth resolution, was remarkable not so much for its result as for its tone and temper. Whether Canada forgoes her claim or not, her prospect of receiving reparations is unlikely to be changed by so much as one dollar. Nevertheless, the more fervid patriots in the House were moved by the terms of the motion to an exhibition of vituperation and ill-temper rarely surpassed in Canadian politics. The three leaders, Mr. King, Mr. Meighen and Mr. Forke spoke, it is true, with dignity. Mr. McMaster, as usual, showed himself a liberal and fearlessly spoke his mind. Of Mr. Stevens and Mr. Hocken we prefer to say nothing. Mr. Murdoch expressed far more pithily than they the political creed which they share with that distinguished convict Mr. Bottomley, with William Randolph Hearst and with Pertinax. If curiosity should ever move the Minister of Labour to read his Bible beyond the Pentateuch, he may be surprised to discover that a greater than Moses repudiated vengeance. Not 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth', but 'Love your enemies' and 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them'. The way of the Christian is difficult; but this is the law of life.

WITH the cry on their lips, 'Put Oliver out but don't let Bowser in', a committee of the United Farmers of British Columbia went out last autumn to start a movement which is likely to have far-reaching results for their province. Their slogan gives a pretty clear idea of the reason for their action. The provincial debt has been mounting until it has assumed alarming proportions. Public enterprises, such as the P.G.E. Railway which have been undertaken have turned out to be nothing but 'white elephants' and political patronage has run riot. Both of the older political parties have had a turn at government recently, and both are held equally responsible. While the movement appears to have been purely agricultural at first, business and professional men quickly became interested. Informal meetings with the farmer representatives followed, out of which grew an agreement to form the 'Provincial Party', open to all who stand for better government. A manifesto was issued almost immediately, followed by the publication of a platform with fifteen planks. At a huge banquet held in Vancouver on the last day of January the new party was officially organized. Its spirit can be gathered from typical utterances at the banquet, 'Go into this fight with a wallop in each hand and a paving-stone in your sock', advised one speaker; 'We are out to serve our country, not to rob it', said another; while still another viewed the gathering as 'a complete answer to the statement that public spirit is dead'. It may be unusual to find men moved by the spirit

of service armed with 'wallops' and carrying 'paving-stones in their socks', but at least no one need complain that the new party has failed to give due warning to those who prosper at the expense of the public purse.

IN previous issues we have had occasion to refer to the dispute between the trustees and teachers of Brandon. The trouble, so far as we can learn, really had its origin in a mistaken idea of the relations which should exist between trustee and teacher. The teacher is not a hireling, nor is the trustee a boss; both alike are servants of the community. For example, in the main hall of the administration building of the Toronto Board of Education a tablet has been set dedicated to the memory of the 'Employees of the Board of Education' who fell in the war. The list contains not the names of janitors but the names of teachers, one of them Harry Lee, who, when accused by a member of the Board of being a Socialist and wanting in loyalty, promptly resigned from his position and enlisted. He was the first of the Toronto teachers to die fighting in defence of the easy chairs of his detractors. Encouraged by the brief authority entrusted to them by the electors these little men ventured to describe as employees men whose salaries for the time being they had the privilege of paying, or, as in the case of Harry Lee, whose salary they had ceased to pay. Teacher and trustee must co-operate in the greatest of all the tasks which the modern state has assumed. Such co-operation is precluded by the assumption of the position of employer by a Board of Education, just as it would also be defeated if teachers were to organize their forces like so many plumbers.

THE Soldier Settlement Board, we understand, is likely to be given a share in the important and too often neglected task of introducing into the normal agricultural life of the country selected settlers from overseas, and, in particular, from the Old Country. The Settlement end of immigration is to be tackled by a body which has accumulated a very great store of experience, and, by its success during a difficult period of agricultural depression, gives promise of excellent work in the future. To ensure the success of the new immigration is, of course, essential to Canada and only fair to the immigrants themselves. Given that the belief in the future agricultural prosperity of Canada is justified (and if it is not, no immigration policy can succeed), given also immigrants selected with reasonable care, there remain infinite possibilities of failure. There is the hazard of the initial location; the Field Supervisors know good land from bad, they know too, from sad experience, that the only value of land which can be considered by a settler is based on immediate earning power, with no thought of its

speculative value. There is the hazard of the initial outlay of capital; the Field Supervisor knows what disposition is advisable between buildings, machinery, stock, etc. When the start has been made there is continual need for advice, especially in the adaptation to peculiar local conditions. By pressing the adoption of mixed farming, by disseminating scientific information to combat the weird rumours and superstitions too often current in different localities, by stimulating competition with other settlers, by maintaining in endless ways their morale, the Supervisors will make many men succeed who might otherwise throw up their farms. All this they may do while still knowing the value of independence, and making it their first aim to make themselves unnecessary. The choice of this Board to look after the new settlers should inspire confidence and contribute to increasing the only kind of settler Canada wants, the settler who is going to be satisfied.

A RECENT press despatch from Petrograd prominently displayed on the front page of our newspaper conveys some truly terrific information which we hasten to lay before our readers. A school of eavesdropping has been opened by the Soviet Secret Service; doorkeepers and others who have special talents and opportunities for the work are enrolled: and about seventeen thousand depraved characters are already taking courses there, learning to use a dictaphone, to conceal themselves behind curtains, to listen through keyholes! More than three times as many students as there are at Cambridge! We derived some trifling comfort from another paragraph in the same paper which said that 400,000,000 schools would be represented at a coming educational conference. This comes to something like one school for every four human beings on earth—and they will all be represented at San Francisco! Education is evidently gaining ground. Perhaps we shall baffle the Bolsheviks even yet. What should we do without our trusty newspapers?

THE CANADIAN FORUM is published monthly at 152 St. George Street, Toronto. Contributions and subscriptions should be sent to this address.

*Board of Editors:*

E. H. BLAKE.	G. E. JACKSON.
BARKER FAIRLEY.	J. E. H. MACDONALD.
H. K. GORDON.	J. D. ROBINS.
S. H. HOOKE.	C. B. SISSONS.

A POLITICAL correspondent writes: Mr. Wood and Mr. Morrison having prohibited banns of marriage between the King Ministry and the Progressive Party, Mr. Meighen has set out to woo that capricious lady. That, at any rate, is common interpretation of the Conservative leader's first sessional pronouncement. Last year he was wont to damn Progressives with bell, book, and candle wherever and whenever possible. To his rigid Conservative thinking they were merely a 'Foreign Legion' of the Government; a 'dilapidated annex' of the Liberal Party. It was an attitude which, however much it was justified, did more credit to Mr. Meighen's hatred of hypocrisy than to his grasp of political tactics. For while taunts at the 'other Liberal leader' won Tory applause, they garnered no Western votes, and, what was equally as bad, they created Progressive toleration of the liaison between Mr. Crerar and Mr. King. The division lists of the session spoke eloquently of that.

During the summer months, Mr. Meighen, despite lapses at various Tory 'rallies', reflected on his course. As a consequence he appears to have discovered that Ontario has but 82 representatives in a House of 235, and that it might help to get him back into office if he could elect a few followers from the plains. And so a short time ago, to the astonished pleasure of the younger Tories, and the bewilderment of the older ones, he had a few rhetorical pleasantries for the Farmers. Mr. Forke was welcomed as a 'fine Canadian' and a 'loyal Britisher' (whatever that is); the Liberals were chastised for 'lightening the tariff; the old familiar satire about the Wheat Board and about the 'Man from Missouri' were gone.

This, of course, was gall and wormwood to the Tory pillars of the party. The Ballantynes and the Draytons and the Guthries, the Ontario galaxy of stalwarts who are still back in the Neolithic age, are scandalized. They have no objection to Mr. Meighen making a marriage within the orthodox parties, even though it might be in Quebec, but the idea of morganatic union with Progressives is so repulsive! It is such a new thing—and so dangerous to stability! Yet Mr. Meighen, I fancy, will go on. His courtship may seem clumsy at times, but it will be steadfast, and if a certain event connected with elections does not take place in Ontario next summer, it may blossom into something more ripe.

The session so far has been intolerably dull. Perhaps the restoration of the House of Commons bar or the curtailment of the fat indemnities would give us a livelier breed of parliamentarians, but the lack of real personalities and piquant incidents is said to reduce the press gallery to despair. The real controversies have yet to come, but the estimates have been going through with great rapidity and there are prospects of prorogation before the end of May. The patronage ramp had its origin in the last election campaign. In Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, Liberal candidates had blithely assured their electors that the abolition of patronage was only one of the many wicked follies of the accursed Union Government and that once a sane and intelligent Liberal Ministry was in the saddle at Ottawa the good old system would be restored. After 1911, Mr. Pelletier's axe had been very busy in Quebec, and the dawn of December 7th, 1921, raised bright hopes in the bosoms of many dispossessed Liberals who had survived the years of exile. But weeks and months ran by and the promised rewards for political virtue did not materialize. Liberal members confessed that they were afraid to visit their homes and wrathful deputations descended upon Ottawa. The pressure became desperate and the only parallel for the Liberal loathing of the Civil Service Commission must be the hatred of English Royalists *circa* 1653 for Cromwell. If what they came to regard as the grand restoration was not achieved, even the affections of Quebec might be alienated and Mr. King, probably against his better judgment, bowed to the storm and gave the

ramp his blessing and active support. But the restoration is no nearer than before and he must be regretting his capitulation. Intelligent public opinion has been rapidly mobilized against the revival of patronage, leading Liberal papers have intimated their grave displeasure and the Tories and Progressives will combine to force closure for the passage of any but the mildest amendments. And other reserves of defence are available. Ere Mr. King embarked upon this ill-starred enterprise, which must impair his credit with all reformers and, when it fails, weaken his authority with his own reactionaries, he should have remembered those stern guardians of the public weal, the Tory majority in the Senate. It will be elementary political wisdom for these veterans to thwart any changes in the civil service system; thereby they can simultaneously prevent the appeasement of the broken-hearted faithful in the Liberal camp and gain for their party credit for the possession of exalted virtue.

\* \* \*

It is a thousand pities that in his Inglen survey of the forces which make for the debasement of our national soul, Mr. Carleton Stanley did not turn his attention to the Nestor of our political world, Mr. W. S. Fielding. The Minister of Finance has a long record of public service behind him, which added to his tale of years ought to spare him criticism save for the very gravest offences. But of at least one such he has been lately guilty. Last week he categorically repudiated in the House of Commons the clause in the Liberal platform of 1919 which pledges the party to an immediate increase of the British preferential rates to 50 per cent. of the general tariff. What are the exact facts of Mr. Fielding's connection with this pledge? He was a member of the committee which drafted the tariff clauses in the Liberal platform, he acquiesced in its terms, he heard it receive the solemn endorsement of the delegates, he was one of four candidates for the leadership who were limned by their sponsors as ready to consecrate their lives to its enactment, and he fought his campaign on it. Where is the absence of full responsibility here? Of course there are other sinners, but Mr. Fielding would do well to ponder in his scanty leisure whether he is doing his country any service by setting an example of shameless cynicism to younger politicians and a debased standard of honour to the whole community.

\* \* \*

The North Essex by-election disappointed the hopes of Conservative optimists, but it brings little comfort to the Liberals whose candidate was only saved by the solid French vote in the rural polls. In these areas all the horrors of the conscription epoch were vividly repictured by ambitious political ingenues like Mr. Paul Mercier, M.P., and even it is said by greater personages. But there was an ominous slump towards Conservatism in the English-speaking districts and such *infandum renovare dolorem* tactics can only accelerate it all over Ontario. Yet the hectic comments of enlightened Conservatives upon the performances of Mr. Howard Ferguson make it doubtful whether the benefits of this favouring breeze will be extended to that statesman. The North Essex election was not without its humours. I understand that one of the most effective workers on the Liberal side was a bootlegging pasha, whose income runs into six figures. Under his inspiration the Muses were summoned to the aid of Mr. Healey and there was composed and issued a soul-stirring pamphlet which ended with this clarion call:

'Vote for Tim, he's needed by King.  
King and Tim, that's the thing.'

On the Conservative side the adherence of the eloquence of a local Ethiopian pastor raised high expectations which were not fulfilled.

\* \* \*

If Mr. Stanley M. Bruce the new Premier of Australia is not careful he is going to be exceedingly unpopular in Governmental circles at Ottawa. Why should this foolish young man

just because he is a Cambridge rowing blue and a D.S.O. threaten to raise the whole problem of a co-operative scheme of Imperial defence at the next Conference and probably provide our Conservatives with a first-class political issue for the next election? Let sleeping dogs lie is the policy of the King Cabinet in this connection and let us forget about foreign affairs and external responsibilities till they knock at our doors. But a 'showdown' upon the problem of the Commonwealth can only be postponed, not avoided. Mr. Hector Bywater, 'leading authority upon naval and Pacific problems', has lately disclosed with chapter and verse the grim fact that Japan, while observing the letter of Washington Treaty, has calmly spent the money saved on capital ships on extra submarines and swift cruisers, and by 1925 will dominate the Pacific. At such news the nerves of Australia and New Zealand grow taut and they scan with anxiety their tiny squadrons and bare treasuries. Ten years ago the pressure for the consolidation of the Commonwealth and its better organization came from Britain. Henceforth it will come more and more from the Australasian Dominions and will be the more difficult to resist. If Mr. Bruce carries out his avowed intention, he may easily determine the lines of our politics for the next decade.

\* \* \*

Mr. Good and his friends must have received a severe shock when Sir Lomer Gouin, to the unconcealed delight of such unregenerate heathen as still survive in the Ottawa House, revealed the grim fact that Mr. Raney, the practical politician with responsibility for a balanced provincial budget, took a much less austere view of race-track gambling than did Mr. Raney the tireless paladin of moral reform. If there was any malice in Sir Lomer's disclosures, he carefully hid it; there was almost a note of mourning in his voice, but he offered no comments, letting the Attorney-General's epistle tell its own sad tale. It was altogether a perfect parliamentary performance.

## Charles Aylett

### Photographs

Studio: 96 YONGE STREET

Main 1098



BOOKS REVIEWED  
OR ADVERTISED  
IN THESE PAGES  
MAY BE HAD AT

## TYRRELL'S BOOK SHOP

780 YONGE ST., TORONTO



### The Dragon's Hoard

AT Versailles, during that peace-making conflict of ambitions, passions, and some nobler desires, one ominous compromise was made for the sake of inter-allied harmony. To stave off the fatal claim for control over the left bank of the Rhine the French were offered a dragon's hoard of German gold. Every one in authority, including the French Government, must have known that the stipulated sum was fabulous and unattainable. Everyone knew that this unreal gold was guarded by a real dragon. But it seemed diplomatic wisdom to offer, not without a certain sacrifice of honour, imaginary treasures without stint in order to avert a demand so fraught with dangers to coming generations. The sobering years of recovery from the war, would revise the true limits of possible reparations, and new economic adjustments would then be made.

The French Government accepted the offer, but on this score at least they were not deceived. They cherished a policy by which they hoped to exchange the unreal gold back into the real territory for which it was substituted. They would claim the gold duly promised to them, and, failing to obtain it, would hypothecate the territory, slaying their dragon in the process. A tedious series of allied conventions followed the peace, in which this design, more and more fully revealed, wrecked all projects of economic restoration. But the time was slipping past. There was growing, except in the breast of M. Poincaré and his group, a genuine desire for the re-integration of Europe. The Britain of 1922 was quite different from the Britain of 1918. The attitude of the conservative government which succeeded Mr. Lloyd George was a most convincing proof to M. Poincaré that no turn of British politics would serve his purpose. Moreover, France herself was beginning to feel the new influences. The bye-elections were going consistently against the government, and the issue was always the Ruhr. Soon it would be too late, and fully aware of this the French Government took hold of the most technical excuse to make its coup. The seizure of the Ruhr began.

The policy had long been matured and was most deliberately applied. The fact that the collection of the sums claimed would inevitably cost them the net returns achieved was not of the essence of the situation. The fact that France's most reasonable demands for reparations might suffer suggested only a shrug of her shoulders. If a cordon were set around the Ruhr, if the railways and the mines and the customs were in French hands, would not the ulterior aims of the Poincarists, so long proclaimed by the *Action Française*, be in process of achievement? Surely it was for this end that the expulsion from the Ruhr of so many German officials, together with their families, was decided upon—an action unhappily

reminiscent of the conduct of Germany herself in Belgium. Retribution? Yes, but where does retribution lead?

The dragon has not been slain but only provoked. The deepest springs of hatred have been again unsealed by a new instance of the ancient evil, the dominion of one nation over another. Perhaps the only hope lies in mediation, when France, who cannot voluntarily withdraw, begins to count the cost. It is hard to see how her project can possibly succeed. For it is being met by a general strike of a kind which the imagination of Sorel never conceived, no syndicalist myth or Bolshevik nightmare, but a strike in which a whole nation joins, employers and workers, government and citizens, a general strike against French orders. Nothing quite like this has been seen in the world before: but one thing is clear. To break this strike one must break a nation, not its power or its wealth or its pride, things which can be broken or are broken already, but its will to live, its nationhood. A nation reckons its life by centuries, and the Peace Treaty is four years old.

### The Saving of the Church

'YES, we must save the Church,' said my friend the curate as we waited for dinner. He said it with a certain professional brightness that seemed to veil a non-professional dimness, a vague doubt whether the future of the church was as certain as the prospect of dinner. I made some halting answer, and during dinner my mind strayed from the witty remarks of the President of the Arts and Letters Club to wonder whether she who was supposed to save others could save herself, or needed to be saved by those whom it was her business to save. The wind of doubt whistled cheerlessly through the keyhole of a rather empty mind.

What were we to save, whose business was it, why must we save it? Such foolish questions buzzed in my brain as I mechanically plied those implements which what is commonly called progress had substituted for my fingers. Perversely the phrase of a maker of phrases stirred uneasily in the chambers of memory—'civilization, its cause and cure'. Was the church but, metaphorically speaking, the knife and fork which the growing complexity of society had evolved to take the place of cruder attempts to minister that particular form of spiritual nourishment which is commonly known as religion?

Confound the man! What did he want to spoil my dinner for? The church is all right in its place, but its place is not at the dinner-table! Still, like Banquo's ghost, it persisted in troubling my repast. It broke through the invincible British habit of taking existing institutions for granted, and drove

me to the unpleasant labour of thinking. After dinner, as we lighted our pipes and stood round the huge fire-place, I thought I would find out what other people were thinking about this business which had so disturbed my dinner. Sandford, the lawyer, was stretching out his long legs to the fire. 'Here, Sandford,' said I, 'you may be a bad lawyer, but I know you're a good churchman. Tell me, are things as bad as all this? Here's Foote spoiling my dinner by confronting me with an unsuspected duty. He says "We must save the Church!"'

Sandford smiled his thin wintry smile—'Ah, yes, Foote, to be sure. He has been saying that for years. All the saving the Church needs is to be saved from such friends. She remains where she has always stood. As an Anglo-Catholic I believe and affirm confidently that the holy Catholic Church continues to be the one and only depository of supernatural grace, ministered by her priests through the sacraments. Save the Church!'—he snorted, 'you might as well talk about saving God!'

This was reassuring; but Corbett, one of the most brilliant of the younger biologists, broke in—'My dear Sandford, this is the twentieth century, not the 12th! You must be aware that before the advance of Science your impregnable rock is merely a child's castle of sand, the incoming tide has undermined it. There is no longer any meaning in your medieval distinction between the natural and the supernatural. Historical criticism has shown your documents to be neither more nor less trustworthy than any other material that the historian has to deal with. All the millions at the disposal of the fundamentalists cannot destroy the converging evidence of geology, palaeontology, zoology, biology, and physiology. Your special creation has gone into the limbo of discarded ideas with a localized heaven and hell. Psychology is explaining the laws of religious experience. Psycho-therapy repeats your miracles of healing. Comparative religion places your sacraments and processions in their true line of descent from the corn-maiden and the sun-dance of your primitive ancestors. Your sacred priesthood is going the way of the divine right of kings, both rest upon the foundations of ignorance. An institution which rests upon the ideas of the twelfth century is certainly in desperate need of salvation, and it seems to me somewhat late in the day to talk of saving it.'

Sandford was showing visible signs of annoyance, but before he could reply Mackenzie, the well known sociological writer, intervened with his slow judicial utterance. 'That is all quite true, Corbett, and with all respect to Sandford, I would say that no honest man can deny it. But you have to deal with the question of institutions from another point of view as well. The most important institution in organized society, the State, is undergoing profound modifications as it adapts itself to changing conditions of

life and knowledge. The State will not disappear because the dogma of the divine right of kings has been destroyed. It is merely adjusting itself by a slow process of change in methods and machinery to newer conceptions of human relations. Its end and aims may be more sharply defined and delimited. Many of the functions of the state may devolve upon other associations. So the church, by a slower and perhaps more stubborn change, will have to adjust itself to new knowledge. It will save itself, because its existence is rooted in certain fundamental needs of the community. It will survive because it is profoundly natural in its essence, not because it is supernatural. The State is compelled to maintain a certain minimum level of such conduct as makes life in community possible and happy, and to enforce such conduct by law and its sanctions. But the true spring of conduct lies in a sphere beyond the reach of law. Like music and other arts, the art of living rightly in community is a creative thing and the existence of an institution or association which fosters, educates and promotes such an activity is of supreme importance in a community. Probably as long as there are different levels of education in society, and I admit there are large numbers of people in this country who have not advanced beyond the medieval stage of thinking, such forms of Church life as Sandford believes in will continue to minister to such minds. But you cannot stop the process of education, and we have to look to the future'.

'For myself, I think that the saving of the Church is assured, but it will continue to depend on the increased measure of coöperation among all men of goodwill to bring about a frank recognition of the altered conditions of life and knowledge to which an organization such as a church must adjust itself. The distinction between layman and cleric, like that between natural and supernatural, has ceased to have any meaning for most of us. But I think the minister or servant of the community in this most important business will have to be far more than at present the priest of spiritual things to the man whose daily occupation leaves him insufficient time to be occupied with the things of the spirit. The true Mass, the body of God, is the universe of knowledge, beauty, order, love. It will be for the true priest to break and give the body of his God to the people, to mediate all that may be available of science, art, music, the power of love and fellowship, vision of the world to be born, to those who, whether they know it or not, need such spiritual food.'

Sandford had not waited to listen to the end. I think others joined in. But I could not stay to hear more. When I got home I took down a book and found the following passage—'The Kingdom of Heaven is to be found not merely in pure contemplation, but in art, in philosophy, in all those activities which are fused in religion. And these, if they are to be practised

freely and passionately, need both leisure from the mere struggle for life and the command of organized power. For worship, men need architecture and music; if we reach a true and full conception of worship, we shall see that they need all the arts, and all of them in their highest splendour. The more convinced and passionate worship is, the more it demands the splendour of all the arts in combination; and the more men achieve it the more they see their happiness is in it. They do make the Kingdom of Heaven in their churches, as a pattern for their lives outside; and from that pattern they learn what actual life should be. For true worship is life glorified; it is not merely the assertion that the Kingdom of Heaven exists, but the achieving of it by man; and when men see it so achieved they believe in it, and recognize the true purpose of their lives.'

S. H. HOOKE.

### County or Township?

**I**N 1844 the Hon. Samuel Young, one of New York's noted State Superintendents of Education, felt constrained to say in the Legislature:

"Small and consequently inefficient districts have, heretofore for a long period, been the source of many formidable evils. Miserable schoolhouses, poor and cheap teachers, interrupted and temporary instruction, and heavy rate bills, are among the permanent calamities incident to small school districts."

From then till now every educator of repute on this continent has been inveighing against the school district or school section. But as Mark Twain said of the weather—Everybody complains about it, but nobody does anything to change it.

In previous articles of this series Principal Grant showed how inadequately the school section functions as a local educational unit, while Professor Sissons traced the history of a typical school section and showed its gradual decline under the weight of intolerable conditions. These writers made out an overwhelmingly strong case against the retention of the school section, but to make 'assurance doubly sure' the following indictment of "fourteen points" is drawn:

- (1) The school section is a highly artificial unit measured by the length of a child's legs, is established for a single special purpose, and bears no relation to other units of local government.
- (2) The school section necessitates three trustees to look after one teacher. Such an office cannot be held in high repute, consequently the prevailing sentiment is that anybody will do for a school trustee. Yet for the proper performance of a trustee's duties men of culture, with business acumen, with high aims for human progress and capacity for intelligent leadership are needed. The school trustees hold a thankless office, and few of them care to incur the displeasure of their neighbours in trying to perform their duties faithfully.

- (3) The school section is an undemocratic form of school government. Democracy demands a widespread participation in government. In the school section few take sufficient interest in school matters even to register their votes.
- (4) The school section is wasteful of effort and very costly in proportion to the services it gives in return. To educate a child in rural Ontario frequently costs from two to three times as much as it does in the City of Toronto.
- (5) The school section fails as a taxing unit. It is too small even to collect its own school taxes and, among school sections, there are glaring inequalities in the amounts the citizens pay. Certainly no valid reason can be given why one man should pay four or five times as much for the education of his children as another, equally wealthy, should pay for the same privilege.
- (6) The school section leads to grave inequalities of school provisions as to schoolhouses, apparatus, libraries and other equipment.
- (7) The school section leads teachers to change schools with astonishing frequency; it fails miserably in securing permanency of tenure.
- (8) The school section fails because it necessitates the upkeep of a large number of sparsely attended, inefficient schools.
- (9) The school section fails to provide for the proper supervision of the teacher. The hurried visits of an inspector twice a year can hardly be dignified by the term supervision.
- (10) The school section fails to provide medical inspection, library facilities, graded classes and kindred services for pupils in school.
- (11) The school section fails to secure regular attendance. As it is unable to pay an attendance officer, the duty of seeing that the children attend school regularly falls upon the trustees, who are derelict sometimes for fear of disturbing neighbourly friendships.
- (12) The school section is frequently embroiled in boundary disputes owing to the erection of new or change of old sections.
- (13) The school section prevents the consolidation of schools because of the difficulty of adjusting the conflicting claims of adjacent sections.
- (14) The school section fails to regard education as a continuous process; it provides education for scholars only up to fourteen years of age. After that another authority takes charge of secondary and other forms of education. The school section having been weighed in the balance and found wanting, the question remains, "What area shall be selected—the township or the county?" For on the answer given to this question depends the welfare of Ontario for half a century or more.

An ideal local area for education must possess three characteristics. First it should have a population large enough to make the provision of a variety of schools justifiable from an economic standpoint. The time is long past when the three R's sufficed for the education of a people. Modern society is complex enough to demand an almost infinite variety of schools and the provision in Ontario of commercial schools, technical schools, agricultural schools, mining schools, schools of household science and the like is a recognition of this growing complexity. Secondly, the area should be big enough and rich enough to engage the services of a number of expert officials—



supervisors of special subjects, school attendance officers, school medical officers, school nurses, school architects, librarians and many others, all working under the general direction of a superintendent or director of education. Thirdly, the ideal area should be compact enough to be manageable. And by manageable is meant that the officials can carry out their routine visiting without too great a waste of time.

If proper weight be given to these considerations it will be seen that the first two are best satisfied by the county and the third by the township. It must be remembered, however, that the county is becoming more and more manageable. Good roads, the steam railway, the electric railway and the motor car have revolutionized modern communication. It is as easy to travel from Toronto to Lake Simcoe to-day as it was to pass from one end of Toronto to the other a century ago. Nor, for business purposes, must the telegraph and the telephone be forgotten, nor the part they play in modern life.

It is true that the township seems, at first glance, to be the preferable unit because so much of the local administrative work centres around it. The county in comparison seems a mere collection of townships, having very little real life of its own. But if a more careful study is made it will be found that the county is becoming increasingly important. Wherever a new power is delegated to a local authority it is the county that is now invariably chosen. This tendency will increase and lead to the county becoming the supreme local authority. Any change in the local area for education must anticipate this movement or the new choice will be obsolescent before it has begun to function properly. For these reasons Ontario should unhesitatingly choose the county in any re-arrangement of local areas that may be made.

If this is done then many benefits will follow in train. For the first time in Ontario's educational history a real devolution of authority will be made possible. Instead of a deadly uniformity, diverse forms of educational endeavour suited to particular localities will arise. A healthy rivalry between counties will be engendered. Schools will be placed advantageously, as advantageously, shall we say, as are the churches of the various religious denominations now. Training in health and all the other educational advantages now enjoyed by the city child will be opened to rural children also. And last, but not least, a renewed prosperity will accrue to rural Ontario, for educational progress and economic prosperity march ever hand in hand.

PETER SANDIFORD.

### Minority Rule in Ontario

AS they face the impending general elections the people of Ontario are confronted with serious obstacles to the maintenance of representative government. If these are not removed or sensibly reduced it will be by the merest chance if the affairs of the first province of the Dominion are conducted during the life of the next parliament in accordance with the will of the people. In Federal politics the terms Liberal and Conservative have come to mean very little; in Provincial politics they mean even less. A two-party system can be maintained only when there are two general lines of policy, more or less clearly defined, upon which public opinion is divided. Such a condition has ceased to exist in Ontario, at any rate between the Liberal and Conservative parties. When Sir William Hearst introduced the prohibition plank into the Conservative platform and Mr. Hartley Dewart led the Liberal party against him confusion was worse confounded. It became merely a case of tweedle-dee and tweedledum.

The unexpected assumption of power by a combination of two new parties or groups was the natural result of this situation. Incidentally, however, it served to accentuate the inadequacy of the existing political machinery. Under the two-party system a man frequently found himself compelled to choose the lesser of two evils. Under the new arrangement he might find a candidate more to his taste, but he was confronted with a new sort of difficulty: a minority candidate might head the polls and be returned as member. This is the situation which must be remedied within the next few weeks if the coming provincial election is going to be anything better than a burlesque.

Take the case of the Conservative party. In 1919 four of its twenty-five members were elected by acclamation. Of the remaining twenty-one, no less than fifteen were minority candidates. Mr. H. P. Hill received 8,953 votes, his opponents 17,105; Hon. G. S. Henry 8,962 votes, his opponents 15,360; Dr. Forbes Godfrey 10,434, his opponents 17,345; Mr. C. H. Buckland 4,362, his opponents 7,525; Mr. T. H. Lennox 4,139, his opponents 6,722. Fourteen out of twenty-eight Liberals were elected by minorities and six out of thirteen Labour members. The Farmers had less to thank fortune for; they elected thirty-two of their forty-six members by straight majorities. In the coming elections the tables may very well be turned. In any case the best that can be said for elections of this sort is that they elect somebody.

The remedy is clear. Where three or four candidates are likely to enter the field electors must be given the opportunity of exercising an alternative choice. In conventions for the choice of candidates

where one person is selected from several nominations, this is the accepted method because it is the only fair method. If we are going to retain the single-member constituency, and at the same time retain an approximation to representative government it must be adopted. The Report of the Royal Commission on Electoral Systems presented to the British Parliament in 1910 says:

"It is a remarkable fact that, while the single-member constituency is very general in Europe, the relative majority method is practically confined to English-speaking countries. All the great European States, and most of the smaller ones, have rejected or abandoned it. Our singularity in this respect may be simply due to the antiquity of our representative institutions, which date from times of rough-and-ready expedient, or to the two party system, which tends to limit candidates and thus to obliterate the distinction between relative and absolute majority; but whatever the cause it is an eloquent testimony to the severity of the criticisms to which the method is open. As a matter of fact it has the most serious defect with which a method of election can be charged: in a contingency which has recently grown commoner, it actually promotes the return of the least popular candidate."

The contingency referred to is that of "split vote." After arguing the case carefully, the Commission unanimously recommended the adoption of the Alternative Vote in cases where more than two candidates stand for one seat. The defects pointed out by the Royal Commission are clearly shown in the results of the recent British elections. The Unionists who polled thirty-eight per cent. of the votes emerged with a clear majority over all parties in the House.

The application of the alternative vote to single member constituencies in Ontario would remove one and perhaps the greatest of the anomalies of the electoral system. Two others would remain. The weird effects of successive gerrymanderings by parties wishing unfairly to maintain themselves in power and the inequalities arising from the drift in population must be remedied. Mr. Drury has hinted that he does not wish to attempt so serious a task as redistribution this session. This is to be regretted. It is, of course, true that his Government has not been responsible for these anomalies, but it is also true that his party will stand to profit by them in the next election. The fact that it has been the time-honoured privilege of governments to jockey for position by "hiving" opposing voters and thereby making constituencies of divers uncouth shapes will hardly be invoked as a sufficient argument for delaying reform. The readjusting of constituency boundaries is a serious business only because of its connection with the political fate of parties or individual members. Given two accepted principles to work upon, namely that county boundaries should

be observed as far as possible in order to facilitate provincial co-operation with municipal bodies, and that the number of voters in a constituency should vary somewhat in proportion to the density of the population, and setting aside all partisan or personal considerations, two honest souls could in a single day work out a scheme of redistribution which would be substantially fair. Mr. Drury will gain strength as he makes good his profession that he wishes not power but an honest and efficient administration of the business of the Province.

The ugly fact, for which, we repeat, the present government is not in the least responsible, is that the average number of voters in 73 constituencies mainly rural is 10,882 while the average number of voters to each member in 12 selected urban constituencies electing fifteen members is 28,828. Even in adjacent constituencies such as the two Ottawas and the two Hamiltons and North West and South East Toronto great discrepancies are to be found. East Hamilton has 38,792 voters, West Hamilton 20,681 voters; West Ottawa 39,729 voters, East Ottawa 19,102 voters; West Toronto for two members 63,540 voters, and South East Toronto for two members 31,490 voters. West York has actually 45,149 voters for one member. There can be no sufficient reason why the County of Bruce with its poor remnant of 29,434 voters should continue to elect three members, or why the County of Durham with only 15,528 voters should be regarded as deserving two members.

The other reform has to do with the finding of representation for minorities. It has often happened that voters with definite and sound opinions have for years been unable to make themselves heard in parliament because they have been unable to convert fifty-one per cent. of the voters in their constituency to their way of thinking. The task of conversion, it is true, is a healthy one, but when political ideas can no longer be expressed in two formulae, then the situation becomes even more unsatisfactory for the numerically weaker minorities. The remedy proposed is Proportional Representation. John Stuart Mill advocated it in the British Parliament as early as 1867. Gladstone, who never quite forgot his Conservative origin and training, opposed it at that time. It has now been adopted by the Universities in electing their members of Parliament and it appealed strongly to the Royal Commission on Electoral Systems, although they did not recommend its adoption for elections to the House of Commons under existing circumstances.

The strength of Proportional Representation, especially of the type which was first employed in Tasmania and which works with the transferable vote is to be found according to the Royal Commission, "where persons are more important than parties". This is precisely the position we have reached in provincial politics in Ontario. Proportional

Representation is known in Canada through its use in several western cities. In Winnipeg it has stood the test of two provincial elections, and has been commended by all parties. It has been objected to on the ground that it permits the election of cranks and faddists. We are all inclined to regard those who have decided views differing from our own as faddists, and not the least of the advantages of Proportional Representation is that it will serve to bring forward candidates who have personality and to discourage the nomination of rubber stamps.

Any comprehensive measure of electoral reform will probably be strongly opposed by the Conservatives. At one time Mr. Ferguson has challenged Mr. Drury to meet him on the old lists, at another time he has insisted on redistribution. It is rumoured that he will detain the House until midsummer rather than admit either the transferable vote in multiple constituencies or the alternative vote in single-member constituencies. Ontario has not yet adopted the closure, and the extent to which the former members of the Legislature are proof against the allurements of the fields as spring verges into summer, may determine whether or not the province is to accept unrepresentative government.

C. B. SISSONS.

## Leaves from a European Note Book

### (III). Relative Values.

ONE by one the students drifted into the room. They looked weary and cold, but there was laughing and joking as they greeted each other. A pale, stooping man older than the rest called the meeting to order. He was Prof. X., chairman of this Committee which gave one night a week, after a long day's work, to planning how to improve the material life of the students, how to administer a small grant of money from students of other lands, and how to raise further funds. In addition each member was giving time to some special scheme, the management of the student dining room and kitchen, the investigation of conditions, the purchase of commodities to be sold at wholesale rates to students. After the minutes were read, petitions from a number of students asking for loans were considered, requests for clothing at wholesale prices followed, and requests for books for study.

The faces of the committee fell when the treasurer's report showed the woefully small sum available. How should it be spent? Loans were out of the question—it must go in books or clothing. Discussion was general. At last the secretary, a student who had lost everything through the revolution, said: 'I have a right to speak for I have asked for clothing at wholesale rates. I say: let us get books for the University Library. Clothing will only benefit a

few, but books will benefit all. We cannot study without them and the university cannot afford to buy.' The motion was carried. The committee adjourned; threadbare coats were buttoned close to withstand the driving snow and icy blast which swept down the unlighted street.

When a consignment of books arrived a stranger might have supposed the packing cases were filled with gold—with such reverence were they handled by the students of different faculties who unpacked them, labelled them as a gift from students of other lands, and carried them off to the library.

'You don't mean to tell me', said an incredulous student in Canada, 'that there are people who will choose books rather than clothes!'

### (IV). Vienna From Within

THE entrance to the apartment house was clean and well swept, up to the best standard of that aristocratic quarter; the apartment was richly furnished—fine rugs, books, and pictures, and heavy old-fashioned chairs and tables. Yet since my last visit there had been changes. There on the wall was a faint square where a picture had hung, one carved chair which had stood by the window was no longer there, there were fewer rugs on the floor. It was evidently the old story, household possessions were being disposed of to obtain the necessities of life. Perhaps some American bride and groom were rejoicing in the acquisition of antiquities for a song. One hoped so, for to sell keeps the wolf from the door a little longer and it is not always easy to sell in Vienna.

My friend came to meet me bright and cheerful as usual, but there were dark lines under her eyes. 'Didn't you rest yesterday?' I asked. 'You should on Sunday.' She laughed and shrugged her shoulders. 'Change of work is a rest, and I have solved several problems which I could not think about in the week when lectures and teaching take all the time. Look at this suit I am making—it is my old one with a worn breadth taken out, and now it will be as good as new; And I have ripped this old straw hat and dyed it. Here for my sister-in-law is a dress, you would not guess that it was once a sheet. Best of all I have boots. Look, these I outgrew at eleven years of age, but a cobbler has managed to lengthen the toes and so I can wear them and they hurt very little. But there is a problem I have not solved—how to create a suit for my brother—one cannot make a man's suit out of window curtains or sheets, and to buy is impossible.' Her face fell. 'Perhaps it is cowardly, but sometimes the little things of life, food and clothing make it almost unbearable and one asks oneself, what next?'



What next indeed! I thought, and glanced at the paper which answered that. The Austrian Krone had taken another leap towards the bottomless abyss of bankruptcy.

MARGARET WRONG.

### The Romance of the West

JEDIDIAH JENNINGS had an itch of the pen, and an appetite for journalistic fame. Seeking lands to scoop, he became fired with the notion to write up Canadian prairie life, or, as his own phrase ran, to interpret in literature the land where history is being made. To this end he read Gilbert Parker and devoured the monthly western story of the best magazines. But Jennings was too careful an artist to rest content with getting his romance at second hand. He took an excursion ticket west for genuine local colour.

He hung about in a drab railway town of Alberta, eating in the Chinese restaurant, playing pool in the barber shop, and sleeping in a livery stable for the experience.

But he did not find the romance of the West in any of these places.

One morning he met the doctor, harnessing his horse to a buggy.

'Found your romance yet?' asked the medical man.

'Not yet,' said Jennings.

'You're looking for it in the wrong place,' said the doctor. 'You must get clean away from town if you want to understand the prairies. The real westerners are homesteaders. See them.'

'Good idea,' assented Jennings; 'but where find them? Look all round the horizon, and if you can show me two homesteads in sight, I'll walk to them. This town might be in the middle of the Sahara for all the farm lands I see about it.'

'One of the little romances of the West,' returned the doctor. 'This is real estate. The wheat begins five miles out. Look here, I'm driving a matter of twenty miles this morning to set a broken leg. If you'd like to come along, and see a bit of the real West, come. I'll be glad of company.'

Jennings took his seat beside the doctor with a bounce.

'I've been here a week now,' he said, 'and had hardly a single idea worth putting on paper. If you can lead me in the way of one, I'll be eternally grateful.'

'Well,' responded the doctor, 'I know the people hereabouts pretty well, and I can give you some snatches of human history that may serve you.'

He touched up the horse, and the buggy went bouncing up the street of baked mud and out on to

the angling trail beyond the last shack. The wind blew freshly over the long grass, carrying fragrance and exhilaration.

Jennings filled his lungs and exulted as the buggy sped on its way along the narrow wheel ruts across the prairie, which he described for himself (with a view to publication) as the front lawn of the Almighty. The gray town with its four elevator towers winking in the sunlight, sank out of sight as the buggy cleared a wave-like lift of country. Far in the distance ahead, at the foot of a long land-swell, appeared a chequer-board pattern, green wheat fields and black fallow lands interspersed among the leather tints of the virgin prairie; while, scattered miles apart, little homesteads with an occasional windmill lay like dots upon infinitude.

'That shack over against the horizon,' said the doctor, pointing with his whip, 'used to belong to Jimmie Boddick. Jimmie married a widow down south for her money, found she hadn't any, and left her. He took this homestead, worked at it like a slave through summer and fall; and then, one morning in February, some people going by called in to inquire their way, and found him stretched over the cold stove, frozen. They noticed that the calendar on his wall hadn't had a leaf torn off since December. Not many people passed this way in the early days.'

'She fooled him, eh?' chuckled Jennings, who had not been following the latter part of the tale. 'These prairie dames are pretty slick, I'll bet.'

'Run your eye along the horizon for a couple of miles,' pursued the doctor. 'In that shack lived the three Johnsons. They came out five years ago, mother, father, and daughter. The mother died in six months. The daughter, a clever girl of fifteen—'

'Sounds like romance,' said the journalist, wriggling comfortably in his seat.

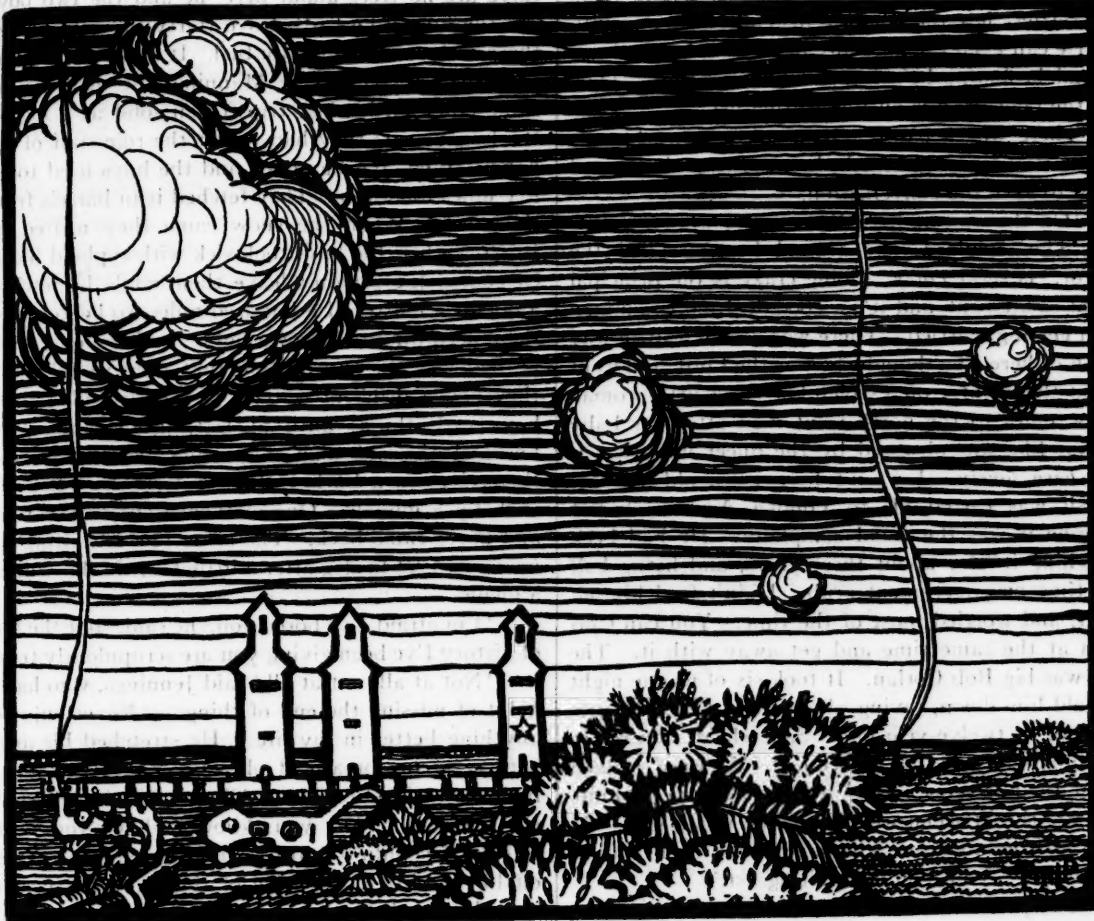
'—should have been sent back to her relatives in the East for schooling. But her father said she was worth more to him where she was. She cooked his meals for four years without once visiting a town or seeing a girl of her own age, and then she went off suddenly with a smart young fellow collecting for some syndicate in the city, and has not been heard of since. Her father, who "has religion", says it is the work of the devil.'

The trail circled widely to avoid a slough, and went twisting up the long grade of a 'raise'—one of those land-waves, miles in width, that give the name of 'rolling prairie'. On the summit crouched a brown shack with crumbling mud walls, a convex roof of tar-paper, and a ramshackle door propped shut with a plank from the outside.

'Austin's place,' said the doctor. 'That board leaning against the door is the way he locks up when he goes out. Getting a little queer, I think, and no wonder. He used to be a well-to-do professional man in the States, but something went wrong and

"This is Joe Lammie's," he said as they turned in at the gate. "Joe was one of the earliest here—ten years ago, long before the railway. He chose a homestead because he liked the view, and spent what little money he had keeping himself alive for three years so as to get the patent for the land and sell out again at a profit. But those were hard years."

He came out here to start life over again, though he knew nothing about farming. The choice was made for a homestead because he liked the view, and spent what little money he had keeping himself alive for three years so as to get the patent for the land and sell out again at a profit. But those were hard years."



The light in the sky was a pale, yellowish glow, and the ground in front of the house was a flat, open space. The house was a simple, rectangular building with a chimney on the right side. Behind the house, a large, dark, swirling cloud or smoke plume rises into the sky. The background is filled with horizontal lines, suggesting a vast, flat prairie under a cloudy sky. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century Canadian literature illustrations.

The ground in front of the house was a flat, open space. The house was a simple, rectangular building with a chimney on the right side. Behind the house, a large, dark, swirling cloud or smoke plume rises into the sky. The background is filled with horizontal lines, suggesting a vast, flat prairie under a cloudy sky. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century Canadian literature illustrations.

ON THE PRAIRIES  
BY  
DONALD PHILP

he came out here to start life over again, though he knew nothing about farming. He chose this mound for a homestead because he liked the view, and spent what little money he had keeping himself alive for three years so as to get the patent for the land and sell out again at a profit. But those were poor years and settlers left the country instead of coming into it. He can't sell the land any more than he can farm it, and he knows he's trapped like a rabbit. They say the poor devil is on the waiting list.'

There was a pause. Jennings, rousing himself from a reverie, caught at the last words, and repeated them to save the conversation.

'On the waiting list—Waiting for what?'

'The standard joke around here,' replied the doctor, 'is *going crazy*. Going crazy is the principal social excitement, and it's a good deal more common than getting married. There was a man a little way south of here who thought he was the Lord, and went about the country on a stolen horse. A little woman a few miles to the north went mad after her baby came. She was obsessed by the queer idea that it was *born lonely*. I wasn't here when old Johnnie Walsh was carted off to Ponoka Asylum, but I imagine it was the usual complaint. He had been "baching it" for about three years, and living half the time on government grub. Didn't feed himself right, and worried most of the time. You can't do both at the same time and get away with it. The last was big Bob Corlan. It took six of us one night to hold him down, raving about Jane Cress, a little mite of a twelve-year-old. Said she'd refused to marry him, and his life was ruined. We were inclined to see the humorous side of it until he slipped a knife into his throat when we thought he was asleep. As soon as a man shows signs of breaking up like that, the people say he's on the waiting list.'

The journalist had his eye on a hawk skimming the ground in search of gophers.

'What became of Jimmie Boddick's widow?' he asked abruptly.

'No idea,' said the doctor.

Rattling down the trail to the plain again, they reached the creek, forded it, and urged the horse up the steep bank beyond.

'This is where Austin lost his provisions in the spring,' said the doctor. 'You know the government fed these people after the drought by giving them credit at intervals in the town stores. Austin used up his last credit on a big case of grub and drove it for home. As he was crossing the creek, which was swollen after a big rain, the water swept off the wagon box. Austin managed to save himself by gripping the reins, but the provisions were all lost. If the neighbours had not shared up with him, he'd have starved.'

The journalist said nothing. For the next five miles he was lost in thought, and the doctor did not interrupt him until their destination was at hand.

'This is Joe Pammley's,' he said as they turned in at the gate. 'Joe was one of the earliest in here—ten years ago, long before the railway. He drove seventy-five miles with oxen in the fall, and had hardly got his tent up when the snow came. As there are no trees about here, he and the two boys (all the family he had) drove thirty miles to one of those surface coal mines for fuel. It was a bad winter, too—the very year Jack Manning, the mail driver, came home on his last trip frozen solid as a log on the buggy seat; they had to cut the reins out of his hands—Well, Joe Pammley and the boys used to go five miles for water. They fetched it in barrels from the creek. When the snow came they melted it. In November, the boys took sick with typhoid fever. Of course Joe couldn't leave them while he fetched a doctor a matter of a hundred miles, so he doctored them according to his own lights; and the only light he had was the superstition that they would die if they had a drink of water. He nearly killed those boys with thirst, until at last, in delirium, they knocked the old man down and nearly drowned themselves in a bucket of melted snow. They got well, by a miracle. One of them went to the War, and never came back. The other one is waiting for me now to set his leg after a little broncho-busting at a picnic.'

'I'm afraid I've bored you,' he said, 'but the bits of history I've been giving you are scrupulously true.'

'Not at all, not at all,' said Jennings, who had a habit of missing the end of things. 'Never enjoyed anything better in my life.' He stretched his arms with a hissing breath of pleasure. 'Nothing like a little fresh air, eh? Sunny Alberta, Windy Alberta—good names. Do you know, while you were talking, I couldn't help my mind sometimes drifting off like a bird to the edge of things. Perhaps you thought me a little absent-minded, but I was thinking. The ride's given me some ideas: plot, atmosphere, and all that.'

'I'm very glad,' said the doctor. 'What sort of thing have you in mind?'

'Oh, something lively, full of pep,' said Jennings. 'That widow with the fictitious fortune is a good western type. Enterprise, bluff, with a dash of fun in it all—that's the spirit of the prairies, isn't it? Romance in the very air. Take a deep breath. Feel that, now. Lord, but it's good, like a glass of wine, eh? I understand western buoyancy. It's the climate makes people so sociable. Wonderful country. Should be the home of poets and preachers. Why, damme, with a breath of Alberta air in my lungs, I believe I could fight the devil himself with a toothpick.'

He wrote his book. Everyone was enchanted with his western optimism and his breezy prairie style.

PAUL A. W. WALLACE.



## Poems

By Millicent Payne

## October Mood

When I look out into the soft blue evening  
And the garden, brimming with silver, misted light,  
When the quiet small winds of October, stirring,  
Blow the pale leaves down the dark, still lanes of the  
night,

I am thinking then of the winds that we love in  
summer,  
Full of green song and the sound of waves in the sun:  
We had thought that the long, bright days would be  
lasting for ever,  
But the months have stolen them all, and summer is  
done.

## On Hearing A Child Play Beethoven

Butterflies you know, and birds, and flowers and  
grasses  
Wind-swayed by every sudden breeze that passes;  
You have seen rippling sunshine lie  
In golden floods under the prairie sky,  
And from your flying finger-tips you shake  
Whisper of wood and lake,  
Of leaf and blossom, tender and delicate,  
So that, with drowsy memory, we wait  
Listening for stories told us long ago  
Because, a child, you *know*.

But how can you, who run when we would walk,  
How can you talk—  
How make for us our sorrow live again  
And speak to us as with hands of mighty men  
Who knew the world's grief that men's hearts would  
hide,

And voiced it?

There was a giant, sound-denied,  
Who mourned for his lost joy, made music weep;  
Yet you, whom fairies should be kissing to sleep,  
You know it too! And with soft fingers, reverently,  
Hold back the veil awhile, unconsciously,  
While we, borne on the wings of music that you made,  
Peer, half-afraid,  
Into Reality, whereof a part—  
But how much nearer!—you come close to our heart  
And sing to us, and make us know  
Mysteries near-hoivering, as to and fro  
The baby fingers fly—

Why should we try?  
Nobody understands,  
God gave to you your spirit and your hands.

## A Battle

I saw a burning August moon  
Behind an eastern hill  
Do battle with a drifting cloud  
That strove to baulk her will.

Her curving rim rose bright and red,  
Filled all the bay with fire,  
But, as she climbed, with malice black  
The ragged cloud climbed higher.

Three times it sought, with filmy net  
To snare her golden light;  
Still she rose steadfastly and put  
The coward cloud to flight—  
And who of the holiday crowd with me  
Had marked that bitter fight?

## Communion

Not because priest enjoins nor custom calls,  
Nor that I fear damnation for neglect  
Come I for bread and wine unto this board  
With simple linen decked.

But because you, who loved beyond all men,  
Once called your friends at parting, to a feast,  
And, for the sake of sweet remembrance, asked  
One little thing, the least:

That they should gather, break their bread, drink  
wine  
For love of you, who taught them love to know.  
Then, with your friends, you sang a little while  
Till it was time to go.

So now I come, who know in friendly eyes  
Promise of all-revealing love there set,  
Because, my friend, you asked it, trusting me,  
And I shall not forget.

## A Night Out

Now shadows stalk on soft thick roads,  
I can hear sounds of frogs and toads,  
And frightened leaves in woods do shake:—  
While folk in houses rest do take  
I, with the stars, am wide awake.

Now beech-nuts drop with hidden fall,  
Winged creatures add their clamours small,  
Bird calls to drowsy bird on nest:—  
While folk in houses take their rest  
I walk abroad: I find it best.

Glow the dull lake with coloured morn,  
Mist curls and flies like banners torn,  
Heaven's star-chain loosens, link by link:—  
While folk in bedrooms peer and blink  
I rest in God's own house, I think.

### Palinode

THE cynical misanthrope, who spends all his days in cursing his fellow-men and delights to discover and gloat over every new instance of mortal frailty and depravity, must occasionally find borne home to him the unwelcome truth that human nature after all is not so detestable as he imagined. Such at least has been my experience within the past few months. A recluse, endued with a shy, sensitive, morbid temperament and a profound dislike of all my fellow creatures, for many years I have felt myself to be a man without friends, one set apart and doomed to perpetual loneliness and its attendant melancholy. But human nature, against which I have often railed with such virulence, has finally and triumphantly vindicated itself, and to my astonishment and delight I have discovered that even in my misanthropic retirement I have been the object of no inconsiderable solicitude and goodwill. The first shock of revelation came when one evening a stately limousine drove up to my door, and a well-groomed and pleasant-spoken young man tripped jauntily up the verandah steps, grasped me warmly by the hand, and—called me by my name.

Before such an onset even an icicle would thaw: and the sight of a limousine outside my door (a spectacle unparalleled in all my previous experience) and of the envious glances of my neighbours, would in itself have melted a sterner heart than mine. But when my unknown visitor explained that he had come to offer ME an opportunity of making an investment which would yield me 33½ per cent., and contrived at the same time to hint in the most delicate way imaginable that the directors of the company which he represented were anxious above all things to give me this proof of their disinterested kindness and concern for my welfare, something snapped within me, and I realized with a pang of regret that for all these many years I had cruelly misjudged my fellow-men. It is true that an ancient proverb, a reminiscence of the days (alas, long past) when I had some smattering of the ancient languages, for one brief moment recurred to me—something about fearing the Danes (was it the Danes?) even when they bring gifts: but then, I reflected, Christianity has changed all that. My young friend was so obviously in earnest when he said that the directors had my interests alone at heart, that, if I had been a thing of stone, I could not but have been moved. After half an hour's conversation we were as brothers: we might indeed have known and loved each other from the cradle. But, alas, though my heart had expanded beneath his genial influence, my purse remained contracted as of yore: and sadly, regretfully, I had to refuse his kindly offer and so lose (who knows?) the opportunity of a lifetime. But he will come again; surely he must come again: and perhaps I shall be

in a position next time to avail myself of his kindness; and then in a year or two perhaps, perhaps, I too shall ride in a limousine.

That little incident opened my eyes to a wealth of brotherly feeling encompassing me, of which I had hitherto been all unconscious. In days long past, when I too had attended an office and when my ambitions centred in a successful business career, I had come to believe that the only way to make money was to take it from one's neighbour; and my one regret was that my neighbour seemed to take mine faster than I could take his. But that kind, thoughtful visit entirely dispelled this hideous, un-Christian belief. I felt that one more such proof of friendly affection would convert me for ever from my cynical distrust of humanity.

And it came. This time it was in the shape of a letter from a friend (an unknown friend) in the United States. (How my bosom swelled with pride when I realized that I was not unknown even in that great republic.) 'Dear Mr. —', it began (modesty forbids me to print my own name, but *he* wrote it!), 'YOU and I stand now in a position UNPARALLELED IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY. The vast OIL FIELDS of Oregona are beckoning to us: opportunity is knocking at OUR door: oil wells are GUSHING at our floor. Let US not, like the foolish virgins, refuse to trim OUR lamps with the oil which is OURS FOR THE ASKING. Let us not be TOO LATE! YOU and I have this golden opportunity to come into the new OIL POOL on the GROUND FLOOR: let us seize it by the forelock.'

My heart thrilled as I read this cordial invitation: it rang like a trumpet call summoning me to action. The kind familiarity (surely not presumptuous) with which the writer coupled my name with his, his evident determination to make my fortune for me, if only I would allow him to, touched me to the quick. An indescribable feeling came over me, a feeling that a brother in the States was groping for my hand and looking longingly towards his unknown friend in distant Canada. I *knew* instinctively that he had divulged his great secret to no other, that I alone had the opportunity of sharing the immense wealth that lies in the hitherto untapped oil fields of Oregona. The scales have now fallen from my eyes. My neighbour's trust in me deserves something more than a cynical rejection of his proffered kindness. Henceforth I will show him that I am not unaware of his friendly interest and am ready to meet his overtures in the spirit in which they are made. But action speaks more eloquently than words: and so to-morrow I sell my Victory Bonds, and then for a plunge (nay, a modest dip) in the shimmering oil pool. For Truth, says the proverb, lies at the bottom of a well: and if a well, why not an oil-well?

W. D. WOODHEAD.

## The Bookshelf

### The High Command

*Sir Douglas Haig's Command*, by G. A. B. Dewar assisted by Lt.-Col. Boraston (2 vols., Constable; 42/-).

It is easy to see now why Sir Douglas Haig's reputation revived so miraculously with the coming of peace. While other leaders, civilian as well as military, were pouring out or inspiring the first flood of revelations and recriminations, Haig, almost alone, preserved an impenetrable silence. As the controversy proceeded men began to feel that such reticence must be a sign of quite unusual moral qualities; and consequently it was not long before admiration for the modesty and disinterestedness that ignored this unseemly verbal scuffle was beginning to obliterate, or at least to soften, the more painful impressions left by a far from uniformly brilliant record. What most people will regret in this book, however, is not the appearance of Sir Douglas Haig's evidence on the conduct of the war—that had to come sooner or later and might have come in a dignified form—but the disappearance of the illusion, the almost still-born illusion, of greatness. It would, of course, be obviously unfair to hold Sir Douglas Haig responsible for the contentious, extravagant, even vainglorious manner in which the authors of this book describe the achievements of G.H.Q. under his leadership. It is not possible, however, to believe that the book could have been written without his assistance and consequently, one must assume, without his general approbation.

Those who expect to find here a mine of startling disclosures will be disappointed. What the book is full of is argument, some of it of an extremely controversial kind, most of it already familiar in one form or another, and very little of it supported by references except to other books of similar character. The few new facts of real importance that are disclosed (supplied presumably by the Commander-in-Chief himself) lose authority through not being directly attributed to their source. The chapters on operations, contributed by Colonel Boraston, who was Sir Douglas Haig's private secretary, scarcely cover the known ground. The truth is that the book is not history but advocacy; and Mr. Dewar is so obvious a partisan that he brings discredit even upon the strong points of his case. He carries the attack against the politicians to lengths that he is quite unable to justify; he makes claims on behalf of the 'brilliant', 'scientific', and 'sagacious' leadership of G.H.Q. that will seem to most people little short of ridiculous; and he carries depreciation of the French share in the latter part of the war, of unity of command, and of Foch's leadership beyond the bounds alike of decency and of fact.

Mr. Dewar meets the charges of those who regarded G.H.Q. as hide-bound and obstinate through-

out 1916 and 1917 by railing against what he calls 'the sham imaginative school in war'. He, or rather his collaborator, declares with satisfaction that the British military guide-book contained no short-cut to victory. The casualties of the Somme were neither unnecessary nor excessive—perhaps it is the showing of his own tables that two Englishmen died for every German that constrains him to add that if they were excessive they should be attributed to the inexperience of the troops rather than of the Higher Command. Paschendaele is praised as a magnificent example of the *bataille d'usure*; responsibility for the failure to exploit the early success at Cambrai is laid at the door of a subordinate formation; and the ineffective use made of the cavalry (G.H.Q.'s favourite arm) when their opportunity came on August 8th, 1918, is explained simply by asserting that they were used effectively. Mr. Dewar says nothing of the professional jealousy, focussed at G.H.Q., that obstructed as long as it dared the advancement of temporary officers to the higher ranks. He even pretends that all the criticism of G.H.Q. originated with politicians at home or with *embusqués* at the base, and that Haig and his staff never lacked the complete confidence of the troops. This is hardly good enough. Mr. Dewar should take a refresher course from Sir Philip Gibbs or Mr. Montague.

Coming to the politicians, Mr. Dewar labours and often strains what is in many respects a sound case.<sup>1</sup> In his contempt for the politician he adopts the extreme military point of view. He simply cannot leave his bogey alone. Politicians individually and collectively become in his hands little more than whipping boys for G.H.Q. The politicians are meddling intriguers, the professional soldier a high-minded, capable, far-sighted specialist. It is hardly necessary to point out that this sort of thing will be utterly wasted on the many readers who, in their unexpected contact with professional soldiers, discovered them to be, as a class, veritable adepts in the art of intrigue. The whole controversy, of course, really centres around the personality and methods of Mr. Lloyd George. When he became Prime Minister at the time the Somme offensive was drawing to its costly and apparently fruitless close, Mr. Lloyd George professed to regard the situation as extremely dark. G.H.Q., on the other hand, looked for a decision in 1917. Then came the supersession of Joffre, and the tragic failure of his successor. It is more than a little difficult to follow Mr. Dewar in his effort to saddle Mr. Lloyd George with a large share of responsibility for this disaster. Nivelle's plan was going to be attempted with or without Mr. Lloyd

<sup>1</sup>A moderate and on the whole impressive statement of the case for the soldiers vs. the politicians was presented recently by Sir Frederick Maurice in a short series of articles in the *Westminster Gazette*, republished under the misleading title of *Intrigues of the War*.



George's support, and even supposing the latter was wrong in subordinating Haig to that general, what difference did it make in the outcome? Then Mr. Dewar complains that the open dissatisfaction of the politicians over Paschendaele impaired the morale of the army, though a little later, in discussing the charge that Haig had fought his army into the ground, he repudiates indignantly the idea that the British morale showed any signs of weakening at the end of 1917.

With the opening of 1918 Mr. Dewar reaches sounder ground. No account of that year, however prejudiced, can arouse much sympathy for Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Dewar's explanation of the part played by Haig in obstructing the formation of a general reserve is, however, not thoroughly convincing; and his account of how unity of command was achieved differs in some important respects from Lord Milner's. Mr. Dewar declares that when the German attack began to approach Amiens, Pétain decided to withdraw on Paris, whereupon Haig, recognizing the supreme necessity of maintaining connection between the allied armies, telegraphed for the Secretary of State for War and the C.I.G.S. to come over at once, his idea being to secure the appointment to supreme command of some hard-fighting French general such as Foch. It is enough to say that confirmation will be needed before this story can be accepted in its entirety. Another point of considerable significance in connection with the March operations is the absence of any comment upon General Gough's removal. The authors have no hesitation in laying the whole blame for the disaster to the Fifth Army at the door of the politicians who deprived the British Army of needed reinforcements and lied about it afterwards; but why, if this is the true view (and the censored passages from Haig's despatches, produced here for the first time, strengthen an already strong case) did G.H.Q. permit Gough to be made a scapegoat? Mr. Dewar, having chosen to write the sort of book he has written, cannot complain if this omission forces the reader to certain disagreeable conclusions.

The description of the victorious advance that began on August 8th, 1918, is one of the most deplorable things in this deplorable book. The authors are not content with showing that it was the marvellously restored fighting spirit of the British Army, sustained (though they deny this) by a number of outstanding formations of which the Canadian Corps was one—formations which constituted, in effect if not in name, shock troops of the highest order—that made possible a decision in 1918. They are not content that all reasonable people should be ready to credit the British Higher Command with a notable improvement in leadership and with an unexpected capacity for applying the lessons of the enemy's, as well as their own, successes and failures. They

are content with nothing less than all the honour and glory for G.H.Q. Now it is quite possible that unity of command, or any other sort of command for the matter of that, played a much smaller part in finishing the war than many of us are accustomed to believe; but Mr. Dewar's point is that command did finish the war—the British Higher Command—and in pursuance of this thesis he has no compunction in branding Foch's plan for the autumn campaign of 1918 as 'crude and unscientific'—neither designed to end, nor capable of ending, the war in that year. It was Haig, he contends, who prepared, not merely the decisive strokes, but the successful plan itself and forced it upon Foch. He rests his case almost exclusively upon an incident alleged to have occurred at the close of the successful offensive in front of Amiens. Foch, he says, directed Haig to continue the attack against the old Somme defences. Haig, fearing unnecessary casualties, demurred and presented an alternative plan of concentric attacks on changing fronts—the plan that eventually finished the war. It is a commentary upon the evidential value, not only of this particular anecdote, but of many others of the same kind, that well-informed officers of the Canadian Corps, the formation primarily concerned in the renewal of the attack, should have believed at the time that such a dispute had occurred not between Haig and Foch, but between Haig and the Corps Commander.

E. H. B.

### A New Canadian Historian

*The Principle of Official Independence: With particular reference to the Political History of Canada*, by Robert Macgregor Dawson, with an Introduction by Graham Wallas (P.S. King & Son, London; S. B. Gundy, Toronto; \$3.00).

Dr. Dawson's aim has been 'to analyze the conception of independence in the modern state'; or as Professor Wallas puts it, to discuss attempts 'to keep certain administrative functions "out of politics"'. Mr. Wallas, however, links the work with a deeper problem: the growing mistrust of the all-sufficiency of representative government and the emerging of a sense of responsibility 'less mechanical than that which is created by victory in a modern election'. In this connection he states that he knows 'of no book which offers the student of politics a better body of material for judgment on this problem'. This is high praise, especially from such a source, and on the whole it is justified.

Apart from the first chapter, which is an obvious expression of the various forces and conditions which should combine to produce efficient official independence, Dr. Dawson's work is an admirable and accurate introductory study of the Canadian judiciary, civil service, permanent and royal commissions,

the Governor-General, and legislators from the point of view already referred to. The wisdom of skilled guidance for a first book is seen throughout. Facts predominate. Broad views do not protrude. There is no assumption of deep insight or of high moral values or of profound scholarship. Dr. Dawson has been happily content to present a 'body of material' in relation to Mr. Wallas's problem and he has done so in a manner worthy of all praise. There is no other book better suited for an approach to these Canadian administrative activities. It would be false praise to claim that there is wide reading—*Canada and Its Provinces* and Professor Keith's works, for example, colour the pages somewhat too widely; and it would be equally an overstatement to say that the treatment even within its limits is entirely adequate or that there are no important omissions. On the other hand it is sober, dignified and accurate. There is an atmosphere of judicial detachment, and the criticism, while modest and unassuming, is by no means weak or compromising. The qualities are such that it is a pleasure to welcome Dr. Dawson as a distinct acquisition to the thin line of scientific Canadian historians, and his future work will be judged in the light of the excellent promise of his first book.

Within those chapters which have been selected for praise, the weakest are those on the Senate and the Governor-General. They are weak because there is so little new to be said. The Senate is expensive, and it is not even a luxury. No tinkering with it can do any good. J. A. Macdonald gave the initial lie to his early protestations that it would be independent. The Canadian Senate never enjoyed an age of innocence; it began under the bias of original sin. In addition, there is no valid political reason for keeping alive a second chamber to accept or to reject the work done by a 'Popular House'. Government, too, in Canada is far too expensive *per caput* to justify the upkeep of a fossil chamber. Did the Senate really stand for the so-called federal principle and were it elected, political theory might tolerate it, and there might be some hope for its independence. But 'provincial rights' in Canada have found other buttresses, and when the electorate itself becomes 'independent' it must surely seek an imperial act to rid it of this costly incubus. Dr. Dawson moves here along well-known paths. He tells a well-known story. His criticism is least strong and virile in this connection. Perhaps his native modesty held him back from being too severe on the helpless and impotent aged. Be that as it may, it is the duty of the historical critic to face issues in discussing the functioning of institutions.

With regard to the Governor-General, Dr. Dawson is too much in the past, too full of memories and memoirs of 'old unhappy far-off things'. We miss any reference, for example, to the extent to which the

office has suffered under the new arrangement which destroys it as the normal channel of communication between the United Kingdom and the Dominion. Not only is the Governor-General no longer independent, but there is little justification for his existence. It is quite true that he may be 'a visible and dignified embodiment of the royal authority which forms, we are assured, a bond of connection between the United Kingdom and the autonomous Dominion', as Professor Keith 'nicely' puts it. On the other hand, not one Canadian in a hundred worries about him. The truth is, in a country which has protested against titles and aristocratic class distinctions, the sooner the formal functions of the crown are carried out both in the federal and provincial areas by formal officials in one of the departments the better. There will be a lot of money saved, and there will be lifted out of Canadian life the puerile aping of an alien social system.

By far the best chapters are those on the judiciary, commissions, and the civil service. Dr. Dawson is quite right in claiming that every government in Canada would be better advised to cease appointing judges to royal commissions. The Canadian judiciary has, on the whole, a very distinguished record. It may well be proud of the noble protestation of independence uttered by her judge in the Delorme case—an utterance which we hope Dr. Dawson will not overlook in a new edition—and it is a dangerous procedure to use judges outside their legitimate sphere. We welcome the idea that there should be a trained independent chairman of royal commissions; but there was room for criticism of royal commissions as a whole. There are far too many of them in Canada, and they are quickly becoming another name for the public funeral of a subject. Canada cannot afford to bury its dead.

The chapter on the civil service, while it contains nothing new, is sober and restrained. Dr. Dawson, however, appears to have made an attempt to study it at close quarters and we are glad to believe there is advance. What the civil service needs is the man of high, broad education and plenty of public spirit with a decent salary. Many of the civil service are first-class and admirable, but the note of mediocrity is all too evident. Many of them are none too 'civil', and many of them quite 'independent'. With all the boasted advances we are staggered to read recently in *The New Statesman* an uncontradicted statement in connection with the recent Turkish scare:

The Department of External affairs' best brain in recent years has been Mr. Loring Christie, who combines wide experience with a liberal outlook, and was thought good enough by Lord Balfour to act as Secretary of the British delegation at the Washington Conference when Sir Maurice Hankey was called home. Mr. Christie used to act as interpreter of the contents of the foreign office communiqués to the Cabinet and performed his work with great skill and efficiency. But, unfortunately, partisan feeling is too often allowed to corrode the administrative system in

Ottawa, and Mr. Christie's close association with Conservative prime ministers apparently rendered him *persona non grata* to the new liberal administration. He was relieved of many of his old responsibilities, and at the time when the crisis broke out was travelling around the country as a social courier to our Indian guest, Mr. Sastri.

This is a serious charge. It means that perhaps our best informed and ablest expert in foreign affairs is under a shadow. If he is, then the assumption of any control by Canada in foreign policy need not wait for an imperial conference, it had better be postponed till Doomsday.

The conclusion is a dignified chapter. An active sense of interdependence alone will produce in democracy a sense of its appalling and almost necessary limitations, and of the need for much of its necessary work being done by others than its elected representatives. Of course, in the final analysis, it is far better for a country to go to the devil of its own free will than to live with him all the time, while a privileged class tells it that it is merely enduring the birth pangs of democratic nationhood. The problem which lies ahead is to link popular control of the wider franchise with a sense that parliaments cannot do everything and that there must be no lingering amid the traditional glories of cabinet government. Politics must hurry up to overtake the economic and scientific and social developments. A people who think in terms of atoms and aeons and who have a passing acquaintance with economic laws on the one hand, and with Einstein on the other, are not for ever going to be afraid to attack cabinet and party government and the freak principle behind territorial representation. Canada has to learn the limitations of the bold, bad, North American theory of democracy—the Lincolnian Shibboleth; and it has to learn not to fear to criticize and to construct—at the expense, perhaps, of being non-British in its experiments. There are signs in the heavens that Canada is finding out that the counting of heads is a silly game, and that numbering the people is after all only an Old Testament process. With that widening knowledge will come a deeper realization of that one profound human responsibility which is the ultimate guarantee of the only valid independence not merely of officials, judges, and legislators, but of every member of the state, and for that matter of the human race—the independence which finds its best expression in the conception, 'I have entered into life because I have loved the brethren'.

W. P. M. KENNEDY.

### Drama and Verse

*The Unheroic North, Four Canadian Plays*, by Merrill Denison (McClelland and Stewart; \$1.75).

In this volume Mr. Merrill Denison gives us a

group of admirable studies of backwoods life. Settings, situations, and characters are all in harmony and are all characteristic of the definite corner of the world chosen. Nothing is transplanted from without; the plays ring true as Canadian born and reared.

'Brothers in Arms' and 'From Their Own Place' are excellent little comedies on the relations between backwoodsmen and summer visitors. 'Brothers in Arms' turns on the better joke, but 'From Their Own Place' is perhaps more carefully worked out. 'The Weather Breeder' suffers a little from the complaint of having too much of a good thing, but this is better than too much of a bad thing.

'Marsh Hay', a four-act play of serious, even tragic, mood throughout has yet to be acted. It reads very well, but the theme is extraordinarily difficult for a successful stage play as the impression Mr. Denison wishes to leave with us is one of stagnation. On the other hand the originality of the theme and the vigour with which it is handled make one hope that Canadians will very soon have an opportunity of seeing the play on the stage. Mr. Denison has made his characters live. His sympathetic study of the mother is the centre of the play. Her abortive attempt to raise herself out of her stagnant squalor for the sake of her unborn grandchild is admirably contrasted with Sarilin's success in averting the struggles of shame and unhonoured motherhood and remaining in her own little world of hectic excitement. All the minor characters are well drawn.

Every encouragement from the stage as well as from the reading public should be given to work as full of vitality as this volume.

*Bars and Shadows*, by Ralph Chaplin (George Allen and Unwin; 2/6).

Mr. Chaplin is a poet who gave himself to editing *Solidarity*, the official paper of the I.W.W. There, with a disturbing frankness, he spoke his mind—that ours is not a humane system of society and that those of us who weakly accept it are but doing homage to a lie. To refute this charge of inhumanity, and because such ungrateful opinions were held to interfere with the conduct of the late war for the world's liberation, the government of the United States locked Mr. Chaplin in a penitentiary for twenty years. That he is not yet penitent but still the splendid rebel this slim sheaf of prison poems bears witness.

The truth of the arraignment against things as they are, which rings through most of these poems, may possibly be questioned. It will, for example, certainly be hard for us respectable, law-abiding citizens—or, as it is prettily varied, 'the smirking ass-like multitudes'—to believe that we cringe to an idol,

Serene, complacent, satisfied,  
Content with things that be;  
The paragon of paltriness  
Upraised for all to see.





## Sir Henry Newbolt is in Canada

His Books Should Be in Every Canadian Home

**\$2.50 Each**

"Sir Henry Newbolt's books for boys are probably the best that have ever been produced, for they are at once animated, interesting, and informative."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

**The Book of the Grenvilles.** With Frontispiece in colours by H. J. Ford and 4 portraits.

A story that relates the strange experiences of three school-boys, who make successive expeditions into the past under the direction of a professional magician.

**The Book of the Blue Sea.** With 8 coloured plates and 32 illustrations in black and white by Norman Wilkinson.

"A delightful collection of the records of the adventures of boys in the British Navy in the early part of last century. The boys of to-day will thoroughly enjoy it."—THE QUEEN.

**The Book of the Thin Red Line.** With 8 coloured plates and 38 illustrations in black and white by Stanley L. Wood.

"As a present for a healthy-minded boy, it is impossible to imagine anything more suitable."—UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

**Tales of the Great War.** With 7 coloured plates and 32 illustrations in black and white by Norman Wilkinson and Christopher Clark.

"It would have been impossible for Sir Henry Newbolt to write anything that failed of taking a high place in the

literature of the war, but he has given us a book quite unsurpassed in fascination so far, and perhaps not destined to be excelled."—THE OBSERVER.

**Submarine and Anti-Submarine.** With a coloured frontispiece and 20 illustrations in black and white by Norman Wilkinson, R.I.

"I do not remember having met with any book which gives so good and full an account of the whole subject or one which is so well and excitingly written. . . . One of the most exciting war-books of any kind that I have read for a long time."—LAND AND WATER.

**The Book of the Happy Warrior.** With eight coloured plates and 25 illustrations in black and white by Henry J. Ford.

"A chivalrous modern knight holds up to our youngsters the patterns of an older chivalry to teach them courage, clean fighting, and devoted service."—PUNCH.

**The Book of the Long Trail.** With a coloured frontispiece and 30 illustrations in black and white by Stanley L. Wood.

"One of the most inspiring books in Sir Henry Newbolt's series."—THE TIMES.

**The Book of Good Hunting.** With coloured frontispiece and 30 illustrations in black and white by Stanley L. Wood.

"A debt of gratitude is due to Sir Henry Newbolt for this splendid sporting book."—EDUCATION.



## LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

PUBLISHERS

210 VICTORIA STREET - TORONTO



## High School Boards and Boards of Education

are authorized by law to establish

**Industrial, Technical and Art Schools**

*With the Approval of the Minister of Education*

### DAY AND EVENING CLASSES

may be conducted in accordance with the regulations issued by the Department of Education.

### THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION

is given in various trades. The schools and classes are under the direction of AN ADVISORY COMMITTEE. Application for attendance should be made to the Principal of the school.

### COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS, MANUAL TRAINING, HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE and AGRICULTURE and HORTICULTURE

are provided for in the Courses of Study in Public, Separate, Continuation and High Schools and Collegiate Institutes and Vocational Schools and Departments.

Copies of the Regulations issued by the Department of Education may be obtained from the Deputy Minister of Education, Toronto.  
Toronto, June, 1922.

The Social Research Club of Illinois Wesleyan University, Illinois, U.S.A., invites inquiries from European students relative to American problems, institutions, opinions and customs. The Social Research Club cannot guarantee satisfaction, particularly if the question be highly technical, or one which has not yet been made the subject of scientific investigation or journalistic comment.

The students of the Social Research Club hope that this offer may meet the need of many European students, and they welcome the associations which the correspondence will bring to them.

There is, however, no questioning the sincerity that lies behind the writing or the surprising beauty of form into which the poet has frequently disciplined his rebellious matter. Some of his sonnet endings are particularly fine, as where the spring daylight, coming to him through the bars, brings thoughts of the lost world:

Somewhere the dawn breaks laughing o'er the sea  
To splash with gold the cities' domes and towers,  
And countless men seek visions wide and free,  
In that alluring world that is not ours;  
But no one there could prize as much as we  
The open road, the smell of grass and flowers.

But his cry is seldom of his own anguish. Indeed, among the many notions that Mr. Chaplin helps to upset is one sometimes curiously held that an interest in humanity rather than in oneself is not conducive to poetry.

*Shorter Lyrics of the Twentieth Century, 1900-1922*, selected by W. H. Davies (The Poetry Bookshop; \$1.50).

The anthology habit has become widely prevalent of late years and the novelty is beginning to wear off. But in spite of this the present volume is distinctly refreshing and worthy of perusal. Mr. Davies has understood the real excuse for anthologies, he casts the net wide and is not afraid of unfamiliar names. He has chosen one hundred and sixty poems by one hundred and ten authors. The fact is that in an age at all given to verse-writing good individual poems will be written here and there by writers who will never print a volume, or at any rate a successful volume. It is chiefly on their behalf that we continue to approve of anthologies.

Mr. Davies has not chosen any poems that will not fit his page; each poem can be seen as a whole while it is being read and the unity is never marred as it invariably is for most readers when a page has to be turned in the middle. But perhaps the chief value of this anthology is that it is a real reflection of the selector's personality. Those who like W. H. Davies will find much to like in his anthology.

### Miscellaneous

*A Scrap Book*, by George Saintsbury (Macmillan; \$2.25).

A Scrap Book it is, and not a Scrap Heap, as the author modestly suggests that it might be called, full of the reflections of an old and genial scholar upon all sorts and conditions of things. The motto adapted from Lucian, which stands at the beginning of the volume:

Ζαιντοβύριος τὰδ' ἔγραψα, παλαιὰ τε μωρὰ τε εἰδώς

Sainbury wrote this, knowing old things and vain, might well be changed to suit the encyclopaedic knowledge of the writer: παλαιὰ τε μύρια τ' εἰδώς,

'knowing old things and thousands of them', would be more appropriate: for few people can have crammed even into a long life such enormous reading as Saintsbury. And that vast amount of reading is in some ways reflected rather too obtrusively in this little book. For the author seems to have absorbed the styles of all the authors in all languages whom he has read, and every page bristles with parentheses. Now parentheses are like stiles: one does not object to a few on an excursion through books or fields: but Saintsbury's parentheses are unusually awkward; for when you have made your way over them, you generally have to climb back again to the other side to pick up what was left behind: and this is disastrous to reading or walking. Moreover in his humour he is inclined to remain something of the pundit; and readers are occasionally liable to lose the point through the author's assumption that they possess a knowledge of literary allusion equal to his own. But, as Smee says, in a way that's a sort of compliment.

The book, however, is a most delightful one, full of the mellow wisdom of a genuine old Tory, full of delicious anecdotes and reflections on topics as far apart as education, alcohol, red hair in women, the value of Greek, sausages, and *eau de Cologne*. What an excellent story that is about the Cambridge undergraduate, whose aspirations 'for that noble thing, Freedom', led him one night to brave the perils of the broken glass upon the college wall! He was caught in the act of climbing out or in, and next morning duly brought before the College President, who, after dilating upon the heinousness of the offence, concluded his lecture: 'And moreover, sir, you exposed your person to serious danger. *In MY time, sir, we always took a saddle with us when we went over that wall*'.

Sainbury's views on prohibition and the Pussy-foots are interesting: did he not write a precious little volume entitled *Notes on a Cellar Book*? And the following short passage exposes admirably one of the main defects in modern *democratic* education:

Few persons, I think, unless they allow their honesty and impartiality, if not their intelligence, to be dominated by political or other influences, would assert that the educable capacity of the majority of children is high. There may be cases where some special subject will develop educableness where the general curriculum has failed; but they are fewer, I think, than is popularly supposed. The present ideal, therefore, of giving all the fifty millions intensive and identical education, from *Kindergarten* or even *crèche* to University Honours Schools, not only spells bankruptcy and other unpleasant things, but involves the most enormous absurdity. You might as well attempt to train every four-legged donkey to Derby form, and subject every drop of currant or gooseberry juice to the elaborate processes which turn out champagne.

Such examples of the author's wit and wisdom should suffice to recommend this little volume to all lovers of good things. We should attend, says an ancient philosopher, to the undemonstrated experi-

## THESE ARE GOOD BOOKS.—THEY ARE MACMILLAN BOOKS.

### GOLDEN BIRD

**JAMES OPPENHEIM.....\$1.50**  
Here is a book whose beauty grows on one with each re-reading; which sings with a music that cannot be forgotten. They are sheer love-songs, running from notes of whimsy, tenderness and intimacy to a music whose sweep of vision and ecstasy can only be compared to the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, but a music nevertheless unique and new.

### PICTURE FRAMES: STORIES

**THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW.....\$2.50**  
The family Bible, the picture album, the first portrait of the baby, the rubber plant in the front parlor—these are no more familiar than the pictures in these short stories; real people painted with a rare skill.

### DESOLATE SPLENDOR

**MICHAEL SADLEIR.....\$2.00**  
In this, his latest work against an impressionistic background of English country landscape, Mr. Michael Sadleir has splashed in a broad and vivid story of passion and crime and desperate loyalty which embodies some of his strongest work.

### A HISTORY OF MAGIC AND EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE AND THEIR RELATION TO CHRISTIAN THOUGHT DURING THE FIRST THIRTEEN CENTURIES OF OUR ERA TO 1327 A.D. LYNN THORNDIKE. \$10.00

Magic and science in the late classical early Christian and medieval periods are here made the subject of detailed historical investigation. In the term "magic" Professor Thorndike includes the arts of divination and various occult sciences, as well as the magic arts in the more restricted sense.

### POEMS: A selection by Floyd Dell

**WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.....\$2.50**  
The death of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, in 1922, at the age of eighty-

two, brought to an end one of the most romantic careers of our time—a life gallantly dedicated to the cause of liberty. A rebel in literature as in life, he brought with his poetry the breath of a new candour to the Victorian Age.

### LITTLE ESSAYS OF LOVE AND VIRTUE

**HAVELOCK ELLIS.....\$1.75**  
"In these essays, dealing with such vital homely topics as parents and children, or husbands and wives, a sensitive insight is applied to essential problems of all human life; an insight fortified by prodigious knowledge and enlivened by the vision of an artist, so that they are cleaned from the dust of familiarity and commonplace, and glow once more with beauty and life."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

### MR. EVANS: A CRICKET-TO-DETECTIVE STORY

**CYRIL ALINGTON.....\$2.00**  
An elderly business man with an absurd hostility to outdoor sports is blessed with two nephews who are enthusiastic cricketers; in scheming to prevent his learning of their activities in cricket, they discover something dark in the old man's past—apparently a murder.

### LATER POEMS

### PLAYS IN PROSE AND VERSE

**W. B. YEATS.....\$3.15 per Vol.**  
Two new volumes of the works of W. B. Yeats. These two volumes are uniform in binding and appearance. In the former volume is included all Yeats' work since the appearance of *THE WIND AMONG THE REEDS*. Here may be found such well-known favourites as "The Hosting of the Sidhe," "The Cap & Bells," and "The Fiddler of Dooney." The latter has gathered in its pages all Yeats' plays that were shown at the Abbey Theatre. These two volumes contain the best of Yeats' later work.

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED**  
**70 Bond Street                      Toronto**

*"The Irish Free State shall have the status of the Dominion of Canada."*

—Treaty between Great Britain and Irish Free State.

## THE CONSTITUTION OF CANADA

### AN INTRODUCTION TO ITS DEVELOPMENT AND LAW

By **W. P. M. KENNEDY, M.A., Litt.D.**

Assistant Professor of Modern History in the University of Toronto

**PRICE, \$5.00**

In this work Professor Kennedy presents to his readers "neither a description nor an analysis of the political institutions of Canada but rather an evolutionary account of the various movements and stages which have issued into the organized political life of the Canada of to-day. Canada as a political unity has a distinctive, to some it may seem an anomalous, character. It is well worth studying both as a recent example of the process of nation-making and as a most significant illustration of that real and yet not absolute sovereignty which defies the older theories of government and thereby leads us to a truer conception of the state. I have sought to unite these two aspects in this work."—FROM THE PREFACE.

This new book will appeal not only to all historical students but to all citizens of the Empire as its publication coincides with the attempt to work out within the Empire the status of the Irish Free State. The work is brought down to 1921 and is the only modern study dealing with Canadian Constitutional development and relating it to the problem of sovereignty and to the Imperial Commonwealth.

"The book is a deeply interesting one. For it not only deals with principles throughout but it carries its narrative down to the present date. I found in it a constant recurrence of things that I had not known before and this has added to the pleasure of reading . . . the satisfactoriness of a remarkable volume."—LORD HALDANE, February 8, 1923.

**OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS**  
**TORONTO                      CANADA**

Please mention **THE CANADIAN FORUM** when buying from Advertisers.



ence of old men, for their experience has given them an eye to see things aright. In this irreverent age we are inclined to scoff at such old-fashioned views: but young men, who are always so much wiser than their elders, can at least enjoy reading the views of Saintsbury, even if they do not always agree with them.

*A Hind in Richmond Park*, by W. H. Hudson (Dent; \$5.00).

The writing of his autobiography some five years ago seemed to give Hudson a new lease of life. This is his fourth volume since then and we also hear of a posthumous novel which is about to appear. The present volume, which was completed except for the last chapter when Hudson died, appears to have been written easily and fluently like most of his other books. Compared with the books of his middle years it is a little gossipy and rambling and to that extent it bears the marks of age, but it is full of interesting transitions which almost make a virtue of a defect and it is so rich in illustration and cross-reference as to suggest that, old as Hudson was, he had not finished his say and died prematurely.

The greater part of the book is occupied with the sense of smell. Hudson's material here is as fascinating as any he has collected. He shows humour and penetration and he also displays as well as he ever did that suppleness of natural vision which sees all phenomena, human, animal, vegetable, primitive, civilized, at a single focus. But he writes as one who is entering a field that is little explored and about which he cannot speak with conclusiveness.

His other chief topic is one which he has often touched upon—the phenomenon of migration, chiefly but not exclusively bird-migration. This is a subject upon which he is able to speak with authority; and as he appears to be attempting a final estimate of his observations in this field these chapters have an unusual importance. His arguments cannot be condensed with fairness to himself, but it can be said that he finds all the older and more obvious theories of migration inadequate, that he regards the force which causes migration as one which pervades the whole of animal life, human or non-human, and that he suspects for his own part that the impulse is due to 'an extraneous force', 'in all probability terrestrial magnetism'; or, in other words, that 'the cause of all seasonal migration' is 'a sense of polarity'. This explanation, stowed away in a quiet corner of the book, seems to me its most significant detail, but there are countless others bearing on kindred topics. Without being one of Hudson's best books it is one that every student of Hudson must read and no student of English literature can leave Hudson out of his survey.

*Mystery at Geneva*, by Rose Macaulay (Collins; \$1.75).

The real mystery of this book is not, what has happened *to the delegates*?—who disappeared one after another while attending an international conference—but *what has happened to Miss Macaulay*? Concerning the delegates I doubt if any reader will be interested; they are dull people meandering through a tiresomely complicated plot, and judging from the unbroken flatness of the style, as boring to their creator as they are to us.

But what has happened to Miss Macaulay? This is very intriguing. Why is it that a writer who has already found the natural line of her ability, has developed it to excellence, and has achieved some eminence, should go off at a tangent on a line for which she has actual disabilities. Miss Macaulay is essentially a novelist of psychology in its broad sense, with peculiar perception of, and interest in, the more delicate and subtle activities of the human mind in every-day relationships. What moved her to try a 'story of events' with crude machinations and irrelevant schemings I cannot imagine. Still more puzzling is the contrast between her usual style of writing and her present style. What has happened to her wit and humour and how is she able to keep out of this book the slightest indication of her absorption in character and her stock of careful observations thereon?

The easy hypothesis that *Mystery at Geneva* is a pot-boiler does not, I think, meet the case, since ordinarily pot-boilers show the author's inherent qualities in the same kind, though not in the same degree, as do their more spontaneous writings. I have always wondered why psychologists have not been more interested in the discrepancies between an author's best and his worst work. There are examples in modern fiction—in Compton Mackenzie, for instance, in E. F. Benson, and, less strikingly, in Edith Wharton—examples so glaring that they suggest, to the lay mind at any rate, the existence in some people of alternating cycles of varying mental qualities, by which characteristics very marked at certain times are at others in complete or partial abeyance. A psychological explanation of some sort is really required for the discrepancy between *Mystery at Geneva* and either Miss Macaulay's earliest and best books, *The Furnace* and *Non-Combatants*, or those which made her name, *Potterism* and *Dangerous Ages*.

*Laurier: A Study in Canadian Politics*, by J. W. Daffoe (Thomas Allen; \$1.25).

In criticizing as 'partial' Professor Skelton's life of Laurier, Mr. Daffoe quotes the lines:

Ne'er of the living can the living judge,  
Too blind the affection or too fresh the grudge.

He would doubtless confess that the lines are equally applicable to himself as a biographer of the great

**ELIZABETH DICKSON STUDIO**

PORTRAIT  
PHOTOGRAPHS

771 Yonge St.  
TORONTO  
Tel. N. 6463

607 Fifth Avenue  
NEW YORK  
during May

**Two Books of Real Worth****THE DEVELOPMENT OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN CANADA**

By **SIR ROBERT BORDEN**

Probably no Canadian living is better qualified to discuss this subject than the author of this book. His treatment of his theme has received a great deal of praise from former political opponents as well as from friends. It is a subject in which every Canadian citizen is interested. **Postpaid, \$1.00**

**IDEALISM IN NATIONAL CHARACTER**

By **SIR ROBERT FALCONER**

President of the University of Toronto

In an age of materialism it is a pleasant relief to consider idealism. Sir Robert Falconer outlines in this book much that will provoke thinking and that will induce the reader to base his thinking on fundamental principles. **Postpaid, \$1.00**

SEND YOUR ORDER WITH REMITTANCE TO-DAY  
TO THE

**UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS**  
TORONTO - CANADA

**"What Wells Did For History Thomson Has Done For Science"**

What hundreds of Canadians have wanted, an outline of modern scientific positions and theories, free from technical terms. It is offered in

**THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE**

Edited by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson

It is a compilation of material from world's scientific leaders, each a specialist in his own field, carefully worked in together and comprehensively indexed.

4 volumes, royal octavo, with a thousand illustrations, including forty colored plates.

Price, \$5 per volume, \$20 per set

**THE RYERSON PRESS**  
PUBLISHERS - TORONTO

**Whitborne Inn**

169 COLLEGE STREET (Two Doors West of McCaul)  
Phone College 9354

The handiest rendezvous in Toronto; just across the street from the University, and half way between the residential and shopping districts of the city.

LUNCHEON - 12.00 to 2.00  
TEA - - - - 3.00 to 5.00  
DINNER - - 5.30 to 7.00

**LYTTLE & KENNEDY  
STUDIOS LIMITED**

*Photographers*

Main 4989

114 Yonge St.

Liberal statesman, since as editor of the most powerful of the Western Liberal dailies he was a *magna pars* in many of the events discussed. In a little volume which can easily be read through in an evening he has avoided extensive quotations and has simply attempted to analyze the forces which moulded Laurier's policy and shaped his career. He has succeeded in producing a book which holds the reader by its shrewd judgments and lucid, muscular style. If his estimate of the motives which actuated Laurier fails to satisfy, it is, perhaps, because it is difficult for a biographer whose political youth was nurtured in the unlovely atmosphere of the Manitoba school wrangle to appreciate fully the temper and genius of one who was essentially a peace-maker. It is said that when Mr. Lionel Curtis went to see Sir Wilfrid the conversation was at length brought to a close by the old statesman with the words: 'If you will come to me again when you are thinking less in terms of war and more in terms of peace I think we shall very nearly agree'. This pacific temper serves to explain his attitude towards the aggressive extremists of his own race, whether the Bishops in 1896 or the Nationalists in 1911; his shelving of the militant free-trader Cartwright in favour of the cautious Fielding; his vacillation in the face of the South African crisis; and his unyielding opposition to conscription. The tendency of Mr. Dafoe is to attribute solely to considerations of political expediency what was partly if not mainly the result of temperament or adherence to principle.

The chapter on imperial relations is especially valuable. Here Mr. Dafoe finds himself most completely in accord with Laurier, and contends that the contribution he made towards the solution of the problem of imperial relationships will constitute his chief claim to an enduring fame.

The last chapter on Defeat and Anti-Climax shows the author to be unsympathetic with the disabilities of the French minority in Ontario under the provocative and illiberal Regulation 17, and critical of Laurier's whole attitude on the matter, while on the other hand conceding that his conduct in the early months of the war was above reproach and that he had some ground for repelling the tardy advances of Sir Robert Borden with a view to coalition.

Mr. Dafoe seems hardly to give sufficient recognition to the fact that the times and Laurier were out of joint. Much better, it would have been, had the last years of his life been devoted to writing his memoirs; in which case, however, we should probably have missed Mr. Dafoe's able and valuable study.

*On Jurisprudence and the Conflict of Laws*, by the late Harrison, with annotations by A. H. F. Frederic Lefroy (Clarendon Press, Oxford; 10s. 6d.).

High literature and sound law are rarely found, in the English language, between the backs of the same book. The name of Frederic Harrison guarantees an exception; and this reprint of his mid-Victorian articles is, therefore, doubly welcome. The trained lawyer will find a fascination, enhanced rather than diminished by the occasional discovery of little defects in the detail of an analysis, in traversing once again, in the company of Mr. Harrison, the foundations of his science. The general reader, if he be at all inclined to exact science, cannot do better than start upon law, and most certainly will find no work of jurisprudence more attractive than Mr. Harrison's lectures.

Mr. Harrison was the first writer to mount above Austin in any of the matters of exact legal science. That later writers have gone higher still, Mr. Harrison would readily allow if he had read closely, as he tells us he has not, the works of Sir T. E. Holland and Mr. Justice Salmond of New Zealand. That there is still something to be done is plain from the points upon which the last two authors disagree.

One caution is needed as to Mr. Harrison's jurisprudence, and a correction from later literature. Mr. Harrison tells us, on page 19, that in law authority is everything, and reason nothing. The necessary correction to Mr. Harrison's work will be found in Sir Frederick Pollock. Either in Sir Frederick's work on the League of Nations, or in his standard notes on a standard book (Maine's *Ancient Law*) the reader may discover that the 'first and greatest commandment' of English and American law, if no binding authority can be produced, is to judge according to reason. If the reader's interest lies in the common law rule or in legal history, he should turn to Note D. in *Ancient Law*. If, as is likelier, his interest lies in the extension of law to international society, he should turn to *The League of Nations*.

Two of Mr. Harrison's five lectures, those on the Conflict of Laws, appear a little incongruous beside the others. But they are worth their place. No other subject is so well fitted to illustrate the fact that rules of law are fundamentally rules by which judges must reason in determining rights, and not commands to the parties. And the relation of reason to authority would be much better gathered from Mr. Harrison's fourth lecture than his first. Until a little more than a century ago, as he tells us, English law contained no authority on Conflict. In his day, the law on the matter was mainly authority; and its rules lay very near to the unauthoritative doctrines of the skilled lawyers of all nations who had written upon the subject. Why? Sir Frederick Pollock's dictum supplies the answer.



# F. T. JAMES FISH CO.

Proprietors and Sole  
Distributors of

## BEACON BRANDS

Main 7454

29 Church Street, - Toronto

SHAKESPEARE:—

"Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried."

# Estel's

Limited

Manufacturers Dry Ginger Ale, etc.  
Hard Boiled Candies and Toffees.

HILL. 1695

TORONTO

H. T. BAKER

J. E. BAKER

## BAKER CARPET CLEANING CO.

RUGS AND CARPETS THOROUGHLY  
CLEANED BY COMPRESSED AIR

WITHOUT INJURY

**RUGS** SCOURED RESTORING ORIGINAL COLORS  
SIZED TO LAY FLAT WITHOUT TACKING

We make a specialty of cleaning and repairing Oriental  
Rugs supervised by expert natives.

Phone College 1987

178 Harbord Street

Phone Trin. 8823

78 Harbord St.

## The Harbord Tailoring Company CLEANERS AND DYERS

We give you the best service in the  
City, for all kinds of Cleaning,  
Pressing and Repairing.

**JUST TRY OUR PRESSING**

Gent's Suits and Overcoats made  
to order, material and workman-  
ship guaranteed. We have  
hundreds of different patterns to  
choose from. Let us make you a  
Suit for Easter.

*Goods Called For and Delivered*

Telephones: Hillcrest 472-473

## McBRIDE'S GARAGE & AUTO LIVERY

133-141 PEARS AVENUE  
(West of Avenue Road)

TORONTO

## SWISS STEAM LAUNDRY

Established 1886

**"SERVICE---QUALITY"**

Phone Adel. 954 for driver.

## Trade and Industry

	Nov., 1922	Dec., 1922	Jan., 1923	Feb., 1923	Feb., 1922
Wholesale Prices ..... (Michell)	168.2	170.2	171.9	176.3	163.7
Family Budget..... (Labour Gazette)	\$20.88	\$20.97	\$21.18	\$21.33	\$21.07
Volume of Employment..... (Employment Service of Canada)	95.2	86.3	89.5	.....	81.6
Twelve Canadian Securities ..... (Michell)	114.4	117.5	119.2	121.7	108.1

**M**R. REGINALD McKENNA, following the admirable precedent set by Sir Edward Holden, delivers each year at the annual general meeting of the London Joint City and Midland Bank a speech in which he reviews the financial situation, in general, of the world. These utterances are always of the greatest interest, coming from one so distinguished, and the latest, delivered in London last month, was no exception.

Into the whole subject of his diagnosis of the present financial condition it is unnecessary to go; suffice it to say that Mr. McKenna considers that despite all gloomy forebodings to the contrary, and our present discontents in particular, the world is slowly but quite surely on the mend. The point which we may conveniently consider here is the relation of deflation to unemployment. Mr. McKenna is a big enough man to be able to say to the world that it is still obscure. This is very comforting to the smaller fry who for long have been getting more and more confused in the maddening problem of the influence of inflation and deflation of currency on industry.

The whole problem is of vital importance at the moment when our Canadian banking system is under such fierce fire. Great Britain, which has followed a policy of rigorous deflation thereby forcing prices down, suffers from acute unemployment; Germany, which has done the opposite, has no unemployment. If you issue large quantities of paper money the result is to raise prices and so stimulate industry. If industry is anaemic and languid, revive it by an infusion of new blood in the form of more currency. With more money in circulation, prices will rise, wages will rise, and the whole body economic will be stimulated.

If we could deny the whole of this statement right off and point to Germany and Poland as awful examples of inflation, then our task would be an easy one. But that is exactly what we cannot do. The whole difficulty lies in the fact that inflation does bring increased industrial activity with it, and that apparently the wage-earner benefits, or at least he gets employment. The effect upon the person with fixed income is, of course, quite disastrous; nobody will deny that, and we may therefore dismiss him from the discussion. Really, when we think over the whole problem carefully we see that the cry of the

inflationist amounts to a demand for a new distribution of wealth, the squeezing out of the settled-income class, which is ground between the upper millstone of industrial capitalists and the nether of the labouring class. It is Stinnes and Thyssen at the top and German labour at the bottom who are benefiting by inflation, or so it seems.

But although we do not see the exact answer we may at least guess at it. What the world wants is neither too little nor too much currency. It wants to benefit the wage-earner, but it is not particularly anxious to swell the fortunes of its Stinneses, and it is far from anxious to ruin its rentiers, who are in fact the backbone of society. What we want is exactly the right amount of money in circulation, but how we are to arrive at that is not yet apparent.

That is why Mr. McKenna says the whole problem is obscure. In the last analysis, it comes down to the fact that we do not really understand the nature and function of money. Some, driven desperate by the difficulties, get out of it by saying that money is what money does, which has a pleasing and comforting air of finality about it, but does not help us very far towards a solution. A five dollar gold piece is money, no doubt about it; a Canadian bank note is money too, but is a Russian ruble note money? If not, why not? Supposing I write a cheque without having sufficient funds to meet it, and this cheque passes through several hands before it is presented for payment and is promptly dishonoured. It has performed all the functions of money, and yet no one is going to argue that my bad cheque was 'good' money. The parallel between dishonoured cheques and Germany's paper money is fairly exact, because Germany is never going to honour it. But all the same Stinnes is piling billion on billion and the German labourer is hard at work. It is quite easy to say that in the end he will be very far from hard at work; but if the world will be still in need of Germany's products in the future and can pay for them, perhaps after all he will keep on working. And so we go on. At any rate all the poor economists who have been puzzling their heads over this maddening problem are going to be grateful to Mr. McKenna for saying that he does not understand it either; it is very comforting.

H. MICHELL.

**WE** shall be pleased to quote you for the purchase or sale of Government and Municipal Bonds and high grade Corporation Securities.

**R. A. Daly & Co.**  
BANK OF TORONTO BUILDING  
TORONTO

**George Coles, Limited**

*Caterers and Manufacturing  
Confectioners*

**719 Yonge Street**

Phones: Branch Store, 2291 Yonge St.  
Catering Dept., N. 154 " " 943 St. Clair Ave.  
Order " N. 3800 " " 142 Danforth Ave.

**ESTIMATES GIVEN**

**ROBERT JORDAN**

PLUMBING AND HEATING  
CONTRACTOR

37 Hazelton Ave. - - North 6324

**FARMER BROS.**

PHOTOGRAPHERS

*SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS*

COL. 2869

492 SPADINA AVE.

TORONTO

**"DONWOODS"**

A residential property conveniently situated on Yonge Street, just beyond the City Limits. A large part of "Donwoods" is covered with handsome trees, and many of the building sites command pleasant views across the Valley.

*Attractive Terms and Prices*

**H. R. DOUGLAS**  
Adelaide 5070 Mail Building  
Branch Office on Property, Bel. 69M.

**THE HAYNES PRESS  
PRINTERS**

**COMMERCIAL AND  
SOCIETY PRINTING**  
:: of all kinds ::

**502½ YONGE STREET, TORONTO**

**W. H. COX COAL CO.  
LIMITED**

**SMOKELESS COAL  
:: STEAM COAL ::**

Phone Main 6075

**86 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO**

**PICTURE FRAMING**

**FRED. L. CURRY, 760 Yonge Street**

(2 Doors Below Loews Uptown)

PHONE N. 7540

**ARTISTS' SUPPLIES**



## Queen's Quarterly

An independent magazine  
which treats of literature,  
politics, and the sciences.

Send one dollar as a year's  
subscription to  
**QUEEN'S QUARTERLY,**  
Queen's University,  
Kingston, Ontario.

"A magazine cheap in price but rich in  
matter."—*Manitoba Free Press.*

## THE EMPIRE REVIEW

(Now in its 23rd year)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT LONDON, ENGLAND

Its main object is to provide a means of expressing Imperial thought and Imperial opinion using the word in its wider sense, that of Empire.

Canadians wishing to keep in touch with happenings within the Empire by authoritative means will want to read "The Review".

*It covers a wide field. The contents of the February Number listed hereunder will give you some idea of its regular digest:*

**East and West.** By the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P.

**The Haunted Doll's House.** By the Provost of Eton.

**The Australian Election.** By John E. Holdworth.

**Fox Hunting and the Anglo-Saxon Race.** By Lord Willoughby De Broke.

**Triston da Cunha.** By Douglas M. Gane.

**Pepys's Library.** By Stephen Gaselee, Librarian, Foreign Office, formerly Pepysian Librarian, Magdalene College, Cambridge.

**Cure of Sleeping Sickness.** By Andrew Balfour, C.B., C.M.G., M.D.

**Sea Drift: A Poem.** By the Right Hon. The Baroness Wentworth.

**Romance of the Eel.** By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, LL.D.

**The Harvest of Poetry.** By Captain Peter Wright.

**Problems of Industry.** By Observer.

**How to Simplify the Coinage.** By W. W. Hardwicke.

**Empire Trade and Finance.** By the Editor of the "Economist".

A limited number of copies of the January and February issues have reached Canada, and can be obtained by your sending 35 cents for the issue, or \$4.25 will bring it to you for one year.

## **The Macmillan Co. of Canada**

LIMITED

70 BOND STREET

TORONTO

!

ng  
he

en-  
ans

the  
you

L.

ost

ld-

By

an,  
an,

bal-

The

hur

ter

W.

r of

and  
can  
the  
.

la

TO